

The Washington Post:

“Beneath the madness lies a brutal, essential truth.”



GROW A PEAR

Alba Pratalia

The Times (London):

“An outrageous, unforgettable reckoning with modern cowardice.”

GROW A PEAR

By Alba Pratalia

Premise:

The family didn't know what to do with Grandpa Howard "Tough Shit." A crossbreed of John Wayne and Sam Elliott, he was a hard, harsh, mean old-school cowboy—certified SOB. He refused to modify his ironclad diet of steaks and whisky, wouldn't give up his horse for a car, and flat-out rejected electricity in the ranch.

So, if you can't fight him, use him.

They rebranded the place as *Pear Tree Ranch* and launched the "**Grow a Pear**" course: a weeklong ordeal where soft, spineless urbanites are dropped at the ranch and forced to survive under the rule of Tough Shit himself.

Grow a Pear: as in, grow a pair—or die trying.

Grandpa knows nothing about this. He never agreed to any of it.

He never would have.

EPISODE 1: “Welcome to Pear Tree Ranch”

Four Gen Z’ers, sent by their respective eight guilt-ridden, overly accommodating parents, arrive at Pear Tree Ranch. They've been told it's a *transformative wellness retreat*—"rustic, grounding, like, super unplugged."

They trot in shoulder to shoulder, humming “We’re off to see the Wizard,” one even wearing ruby Crocs. Ring lights in bags. Oat milk in reusable flasks. TikToks planned.

Then reality calls.

BANG!

A bullet punches the dirt inches from their feet.

KA-KLAC — the sound of a Winchester being reloaded, slow and deliberate.

On the porch stands Grandpa Howard “Tough Shit.”

Eyes squinting under his sweat-stained hat. Skin like old saddle leather. Cigar clenched.

Voice gravelly, broken glass wrapped in barbed wire:

“GET THE FUCK OFF MY PROPERTY.”

And so, the week begins.

The kids freeze.

One dares to glance back.

Behind them, the *whirr-click* of mechanized gates slamming shut.

CLANG.

Chains. Padlocks. Bolts the size of necks.

Then—*zzzzzzzzzap!*—a nearby fence wire lights up blue-white with crackling voltage. One of them yelps.

Another whispers, “That’s… like… cattle-grade electric.”

From the porch, Grandpa Howard hasn’t moved.

Still aiming.

Still squinting.

Still chewing something that might be tobacco or maybe part of a rattlesnake.

“I SAID FUCK OFF.”

A second bullet hits closer. The message is clear.

This ain’t Oz.

And he sure as shit ain’t the wizard.

In desperate, cowardly consensus, they push the girl forward.

She stumbles a few steps, turns back in horror.

“What the hell?!”

“Try and show some cleavage,” one mutters.

“—or some guts,” another adds, but not very convincingly.

She adjusts her tank top with zero confidence and steps forward, hands raised in the universal *please-don't-shoot-me-I-have-liberal-arts-loans* gesture.

Tough Shit squints harder.

Silence.

Wind.

A hawk screeches overhead.

He lowers the rifle.

Spits sideways.

Gravel voice like desert thunder:

“You tryin’ to seduce me, girl?”

She blinks.

“N-no, sir, just... um... we’re here for the Pear.
Tree. Ranch. Experience?”

A long silence.

Then:

“You’re standin’ on my beans.”

She looks down.

Indeed. Bean sprouts.

Tiny. Crushed.

He chambers another round.

“Run.”

She runs.

Not out of principle—out of sheer, primal terror.

Back to the group, full sprint, tank top flapping,
sandals flying.

They catch her mid-stumble.

“What did he say?!”

“He said I was seducing him and standing on his beans!”

“What beans?”

“I DON’T KNOW, METAPHORICAL BEANS?!”

BANG!

Another shot, this time aimed squarely between them—but still just barely missing.

Then:

“No metaphors on my land!”

They scatter like pigeons at a fireworks show. One dives behind a water trough, another tries to open the now-electrified gate (bad idea, cue *ZAP*, cue scream), the third curls into the fetal position whispering “I miss my espresso machine.”

And from the porch, Grandpa Howard lowers the rifle at last.

Lights a match on the butt of his boot.

Ignites a stub of a cigar.

Muttering to himself:

“Goddamn therapy cattle.”

Then, to no one in particular:

“You want to stay? Fine. Sunrise tomorrow. Bring your own shovel.”

He turns and disappears into the house, the screen door slamming behind him.

Silence again.

The girl speaks first.

“I think... we passed the entrance interview.”

EPISODE 2: “Cold Hard Lessons”

Night falls fast in the prairie.

The sun drops like a shot buffalo, and with it, any last illusions of "cozy country glamping."

The wind picks up first—sharp and bitter, slicing through hoodies and faux-leather jackets like a rusty scalpel through tofu.

Then the cold.

Not chilly.

Not brisk.

Cold.

Real cold.

Negative kind of cold.

Your-teeth-rattle-in-your-skull cold.

Your-airpods-won't-even-turn-on cold.

Your-soul-considers-hibernating cold.

They huddle by the barn wall, trembling, phones long dead, power banks drained, spirits lower than their body temperatures.

One tries to make a fire with an iPad stylus and a clump of hay.

Another is crying silently, using a Sephora receipt as a makeshift scarf.

“D-d-do you think he’ll… g-g-give us blankets?”

CUT TO:

Inside the ranch house, warm glow of firelight.
Grandpa Tough Shit sits by a roaring fireplace.

Whiskey in hand.

Blankets stacked in a neat pile beside him.

He stares into the flames, muttering:

“Day one: break the bones.”

Outside, one of the boys screams:

**“I’M TRYING TO COVER MYSELF WITH A
FENCE POST AND A DEAD POSSUM!”**

Another just whimpers:

“Dude… I can feel my ancestors giving up on me.”

The girl, shivering but still with some resolve left,
says:

“We’re not dying on night one.”

She grabs a shovel.

Marches to the shed.

Finds—nothing but old hay and iron tools.

Builds a pathetic half-lean-to out of a wheelbarrow
and hopes.

They all crawl under it.

Freezing.

Terrified.

Silent.

Then, in the distance—a **coyote howls**.

And one of them whispers, eyes wide in the
darkness:

“...was that the *easy* part?”

EPISODE 3: “Wake the F* Up”**

The coldest hour on the prairie isn’t midnight.

It’s **one hour before sunrise**.

That's **Reveille** at Pear Tree Ranch.

Because if you're already on the field *when* the light comes, you're not wasting any of it.

At **4:00 a.m.**, Grandpa Tough Shit is already *on horseback*, cigar clenched tight, Winchester across his lap, staring down through the icy fog like a cowboy grim reaper.

CLANG. THUD. WHUMP.

The steel-shod hooves of his horse hammer down on the wheelbarrow-lean-to.

Inside: groans, yelps, flailing limbs.

One kid whispers: "Did someone order the apocalypse... on horseback?"

They peek out.

He's there.

A silhouette of death, tobacco, and rage against the modern world.

Eyes like frostbitten steel.

Mouth clenched so tight it could bend iron.

“Still on my property?”

He doesn’t wait for an answer.

“Then you gotta *earn* it.”

Spits. Adjusts the Winchester.

“Work.”

And with that, he jerks the horse around with one hand, trotting toward the east field.

“Follow. Or freeze.”

The kids are stunned. Still curled in a pathetic pile of human trail mix.

One mumbles, “Is this legal?”

Another: “Can’t we Uber out of here?”

The girl: “Our phones are dead. Our souls are dying. Let’s go.”

They stagger after him, dragging boots and pride.
No coffee. No breakfast. No mercy.

In the sky: the faintest pink hint of morning.
On the ground: four soft twenty-somethings
stepping into a day they won't survive.

The prairie wind howls.

They're barely upright, steam rising from their
shivering bodies like dying kettle whistles.

Tough Shit, without slowing the horse, hurls a
burlap sack at their feet.
It lands with a *thump*, dust rising like gunpowder
smoke.

"Eat," he growls, circling them once like a buzzard
on horseback.

"Or you'll be useless lumps."

They hesitate.

One pokes the sack like it might explode.
Another whispers, "What if it's roadkill?"

Inside:

- Thick slabs of **homemade jerky**, hard as shoe leather but smelling like smoked God
- Crumbly **corn biscuits**, dry as the desert air
- A bottle of **hot sauce** with a handmade label that just says *"PAIN"*
- A metal flask of **whisky**, no label, just heavy and promising

One kid takes a bite of jerky. His jaw nearly dislocates.

Another downs some whisky—eyes water instantly, voice cracks three octaves up.

"I think I just drank gunpowder."

The girl spreads hot sauce on a biscuit. No reaction. Just nods.

"Okay. I'm awake now."

Then coughs fire.

Tough Shit watches from horseback, unimpressed.

"Five minutes. Then shovels."

He turns and gallops off toward a crooked barn on the horizon.

One kid, mouth still on fire, croaks:
“...Shovels for what?”

The answer comes with the wind.
A faint but clear sound.
The unmistakable *squelch* of something large...
digesting.

EPISODE 4: “First Blood, First Shovel”

The kids are still chewing misery and regret when the sound of galloping returns.

Grandpa Tough Shit emerges from the morning fog, dragging something behind his horse.

It bumps across the frostbitten ground with wet, rhythmic *thuds*.

Closer now.

It's a **stillborn calf**, limp and glazed in amniotic sorrow, roped by the hind legs and dusted with prairie dirt.

The kids recoil.

One nearly throws up the whisky-corn mix.

Another mutters, "Jesus *Christ*."

Grandpa stops just short of them.

Dismounts in one motion.

Unhooks the lasso.

The calf lands with a final, sick *plop*.

He doesn't say much.

Just:

"Bury it here."

Points to the rocky soil by a lone tree.

"Where its mother can't smell it."

Then—he's back on the horse.

Galloping off again, like a bastard ghost.

The four stand in silence.

A shovel clatters to the ground beside them—
probably thrown by divine intervention or Tough
Shit's unspoken rage.

They stare at the calf.

The silence is total.

Only the wind and the quiet stretch of prairie.

Then the girl:

“...So who's done this before?”

Nobody answers.

One lifts the shovel.

Another cries a little.

Day one has *officially* begun.

EPISODE 5: “Congratulations, It's Dead”

They stand over it.

Not a cow. Not a calf.

Not something you saw in a picture book.

A mistake of biology.

Skin still translucent in places.

Teeth barely buds.

Eyes half-formed but wide open.

Limbs like broken branches.

And the smell—sweet rot and warm metal.

One kid dry-heaves behind a bush.

Another whispers, “Is that... is that what an
abortion looks like?”

The girl, pale as the prairie frost, stares hollow-
eyed.

“...Congratulations,” she says softly, to no one.

“Now you’ve seen a cow abortion.”

They pass around the shovel like a cursed relic.

Digging is slow.

The earth is frozen, uncooperative, and deeply
unimpressed by their Patagonia gloves.

It takes two hours to carve a shallow, uneven pit.
They drag the calf—three gag, one cries, all suffer.

It lands in the hole with a *squelch*.

They cover it.

Badly.

The dirt barely holds. One hoof sticks out like a
forgotten thought.

No one talks.

No one jokes.

Not even the one who keeps making TikToks in
emergencies.

And from the hill, far off, they hear it:

a low moan.

A cow, calling something that won't ever answer.

One of them collapses to their knees.

Another looks at the sky like it betrayed them
personally.

This ain't *healing*.

This ain't *self-discovery*.

This is **Grow a Pear**.

And they're just getting started.

EPISODE 6: "The Living, the Dead, and the Chewed"

They're still standing over their lumpy, half-assed grave when **Grandpa returns**, hooves thundering like judgment day.

This time, he's dragging **a very much alive calf**.

And this one is *pissed*.

It's mooing like hell, bucking wildly, twisting its head, **gnawing at the rope** like a possessed rodeo demon.

Grandpa doesn't even slow down.

Just reins in hard, the calf skidding to a stop in a cloud of prairie dust and fresh shit.

He looks at their “grave.”

Sees the little hoof sticking out like a grave marker made of shame.

“What the fuck is that?” he barks.

“An invitation to a goddamn *coyote picnic?*”

He spits.

“What the fuck I use a buried body sticking out—*a handle?*”

Then—he **hurls the rope.**

One poor bastard catches it by sheer luck and instantly regrets being born with hands.

The calf **lunges**, teeth bared, rope taut.

The kid screams, pirouettes, nearly dies.

Grandpa just grunts.

“Keep that one alive.”

Then nods to the half-covered corpse.

“Bury the other one *properly*.”

Starts to turn, then adds,

“Think if you want your next fuckin’ meal when you call a job done.”

And just like that, he’s off again, horse galloping away, cigar smoke trailing like a war signal.

Behind him:

—One kid dragged in circles by a furious calf.

—Another with the shovel, looking at the grave like it insulted her mother.

—One slowly crying into his corn biscuit.

—And the girl, deadpan, muttering:

“...We paid for this.”

EPISODE 7: “Hunger Games: Prairie Edition”

They are—

Cold.

Traumatized.

Covered in mud, calf spit, and shame.

And now, **hungry**.

Not ironic-hungry.

Not "let's DoorDash Thai" hungry.

Real hungry.

The kind of hungry that makes you look at corn
biscuits like gourmet cuisine.

The kind of hungry where you'd mug a squirrel for
trail mix.

The kind of hungry where you start fantasizing
about a vegan-friendly, sustainably-sourced
chickpea burger with a side of smugness.

And a foamy almond milk latte.

With cinnamon.

And a little leaf in the foam.

But as they wrestle the still-alive calf (currently trying to *bite through the rope* like a toddler on meth), the ugly truth dawns:

They are not getting a hot meal.

They are not getting a chewable meal.

They are not getting a *recognizable* meal.

Not unless they start doing things the right way.

The *Tough Shit* way.

One kid pants between heaves:

“I’d kill for hummus.”

The girl, who’s now knee-deep in a proper grave for the dead calf, snaps:

“We’re one mistake away from *being* the hummus.”

The calf lets out a defiant *MOO* and kicks over the water bucket.

A bird cries somewhere above.

Even nature’s mocking them.

And far off, at the ranch house, smoke curls from
the chimney.

Something smells... cooked.

Savory.

Hot.

They can't see Grandpa.

But they can **smell** the message:

Earn. It.

They share a look.

No more half-jobs.

No more pity.

No more biscuits.

Time to grow a pear.

EPISODE 8: "The Pyramid Scheme"

Plan A—dig deeper—has failed spectacularly.

The frostbitten earth might as well be concrete.
The shovel's chipped.
One of them is openly weeping into a patch of grass.

So they improvise.

"Pharaoh it," the girl mutters.
And so begins the construction of the Prairie
Pyramids.

They gather stones.
Sharp, jagged, mean ones.
One by one, building a **cairn of shame and failure**
over the calf corpse.

It's crude.
Wobbly.
Technically illegal in three counties.

But by sunset, there's nothing sticking out.
Just a sad, lumpy monument that screams, "*We
tried.*"

They step back.

The girl carves “Here Lies Moo-ses” into the top
with a pocketknife.

Nobody laughs.

Then comes Trouble #1.

The *living* calf.

Who, unlike the dead one, is making it his life’s
mission to **die anyway**.

He’s pulling at the rope.

Hard.

Mooing his lungs out.

Loud, wet, dramatic, **operatic** moos.

Every moo gets a reply.

Not from cows.

From the darkness.

From out *there*.

Awooooooooooooo.

One coyote.

Then two.

Then more.

They're circling.

The prairie is full of glowing eyes now.

The calf redoubles his efforts, now dragging one of the boys *toward* the sound like some kind of sacrificial offering.

"He's trying to get adopted by coyotes!"

"Why are you moaning like that?!"

"I don't know, maybe *I* want to die too!"

The girl grabs the rope, anchors it to the trough.

Another piles rocks behind it.

They all press their bodies against the calf like amateur linebackers in a meat-scented panic.

MOO.

AWOOOO.

MOO.

AWOOOOOOOOO.

And somewhere, far off, the click of spurs.

The creak of a saddle.

A silhouette on the ridge.

Grandpa Tough Shit, watching.

Not helping.

Just watching.

Maybe judging.

Definitely chewing something dead.

Because if they want food, sleep, and safety...

They gotta **earn it.**

EPISODE 9: "Coyote Moon"

The calf's moos grow manic.

His eyes bulge.

He spins in panicked circles.

The rope squeals against the trough post.
The kids are too busy shouting over one another to
notice—

—**a shadow.**

Low.

Silent.

Patient.

A coyote.

Creeping just inside the edge of the fireless camp.
Ribs showing, tongue twitching.
Eyes locked on the calf like it owes him money.

Closer.

Closer.

Then—

it pounces.

The calf shrieks.

A terrifying, inhuman, otherworldly shriek.

The kids finally turn.

Too late.

BANG.

A single shot slices the night.

THUD.

Wet. Final.

They freeze.

One kid screams.

The other pisses, maybe metaphorically, maybe not.

Behind them, lying awkwardly on its side in the dirt:

a coyote.

Head gone.

Face no longer a face.

Steam rises from the splatter.

A few feet away, standing like death in a cowboy
hat—

Grandpa Tough Shit.

Winchester still smoking.
Cigar clenched in his teeth.

He doesn't say much.
Just:

"Not my cattle, dog."

Then he turns.
And walks away into the dark like a myth with
arthritis.

Silence.

Then:
"...Did he just make a *pun*?"

"No. I think he made a *warning*."

The calf, trembling, flops over in relief.

The girl sits down beside the body.
Whispers, "I think I just became a meat-eater
again."

EPISODE 10: “Get It In or Get Eaten”

Dawn.

Cold. Quiet.

The coyote corpse still lies in the dirt, its head a red suggestion.

The kids haven’t moved much.

Too shellshocked.

Too tired.

One’s curled up like a traumatized garden gnome.

Another’s mumbling about rabies and lawsuits.

The calf is lying down now, breathing hard, foam at the mouth.

Then, from the shadows again—**that voice.**

Low. Sharp. Irritated like sandpaper on a sunburn.

“Are you dragging that into the stable—”

A long pause.

“—or you wanna chat some more with the goddamn coyotes?”

They spin.

Grandpa Tough Shit.

Right behind them.

How the hell does he do that?

One kid starts to speak.

Stops.

Another nods rapidly and grabs the rope.

The calf resists.

Of course it does.

So it becomes a team effort:

- One pulling.
- One pushing.
- One yelling "motivational" things.
- One offering the calf his corn biscuit like a bribe.

It's messy.

It's humiliating.

It's full of mooing, slipping, cursing, and a twisted ankle.

But eventually—**they get it in.**

Into the stable.

Onto the hay.

Door closed.

The girl leans against the wall, panting.

“...That felt like giving birth.”

The boy replies, “To *Satan*.”

Outside, Grandpa lights another cigar.

Doesn't smile.

But doesn't shoot them either.

Which might be progress.

EPISODE 11: “Dinner or Die”

They stumble out of the stable, clothes torn, faces
dirt-streaked, smelling like fear and calf diarrhea.
Hands shaking. Legs barely cooperating.

Then—Grandpa’s voice again, flat and stone-cold as
ever:

**“Get in and eat before you drop dead in front of my
cattle.”**

No one argues.

They limp to the house like war survivors, bodies
twitching involuntarily.

Inside: warmth.

Real, deep, fire-stoked warmth.

The kind that makes you cry a little without
knowing why.

At the table:

A **pot of chili**—

Not friendly chili.

Not tomato-sweet comfort chili.

This is **mean chili**.

Pepper-murder chili.

Swear-in-three-languages chili.

Next to it:

A **bottle of whisky**.

Open. Sweating. Daring.

And a **coffee pot** that smells like bitter rage and diesel.

They sit.

They eat.

They don't ask.

Every bite burns like confession.

Every sip of coffee slaps like judgment.

Every swig of whisky *almost* helps.

Across from them: **Grandpa Tough Shit**.

Hat on.

Gloves on.

Winter coat zipped up to the throat.

Fork in hand.
Cigar smoldering in the ashtray.
Coffee spiked.
Whisky neat.
Whisky chasing whisky.

He **doesn't speak**.
Doesn't look at them.
Just eats.

Slow. Deliberate. Merciless.

The fire pops.
The wind howls.
The chili stings.

And the silence is the loudest lesson so far.

EPISODE 12: "The Ritual"

No words.
Not a glance.
Grandpa finishes eating.

Last bite of chili.

Last swallow of whisky.

Last bitter sip of coffee that could strip paint.

He stands.

Chair creaks.

Boots heavy against the floorboards.

Carries his plate.

Washes it.

By hand.

In cold water.

No fuss, no soap, no sponge—just a rag and
intimidation.

Then he disappears behind a battered door.

Not locked.

Not labeled.

Just known.

His quarters.

From inside, muffled sounds:

Thud.

His hat hitting the floor.

Clack.

Gun belt unbuckling.

Whump.

Winter coat, dropped like a dead animal.

Then—**shower water.**

Pipes rattle.

Old. Angry. Defiant.

They sit frozen at the table.

No one dares move.

No one dares finish the whisky.

Then—**click.**

A light goes out behind the door.

Total silence.

He sleeps now.

Like a rattlesnake buried in warm ash.

Ready to strike again at dawn.

They're still not sure if they're guests...
Or prisoners.

EPISODE 13: "Stockpile and Surrender"

The silence holds.
The shower has stopped.
The light behind Grandpa's door has vanished.

Stillness reigns.

Then the girl leans in, voice low but urgent:
"Guys... if tomorrow is *anything* like today..."
They all look up, hollow-eyed.

She continues,
"Stock calories. Finish all the chili. Drink all the
coffee. Bring the whisky in front of the fire—
—and we sleep *here*."

No objections.

They move with wartime efficiency:

- The pot is scraped. Every last bit of molten bean-death consumed.
- The coffee is reheated over the stove flame until it hisses like a cornered cat.
- The whisky bottle is clutched like sacred scripture.

They pile near the fireplace—blankets? No. They use jackets, their own bodies, and raw desperation.

One stretches out on the bearskin rug.

Another curls up using a boot as a pillow.

Someone is gently sobbing into the arm of a leather chair.

The girl clinks her tin mug against someone else's.

Whispers:

“Cheers to growing a pear.”

No one laughs.

But no one cries harder either.

Outside, the prairie wind howls.
Coyotes don't dare approach.

Inside, the fire crackles.
The whisky warms their bellies.
Sleep creeps in like smoke.

Tomorrow's war can wait.

EPISODE 14: “¡Los Chavos del Siete y Medio!”

Sunrise hasn't broken yet.
The fire's just glowing coals.
Whisky bottles lie empty.
One kid is snoring into a boot.
Another has drooled into the bear rug.
The girl's legs are tangled in two other people's
limbs.

And then—

Laughter.

Not Grandpa.

Spanish.

Fast.

Sharp.

Mocking.

**“Órale wey... el viejo bastardo dejó entrar unas
cucarachas.”**

Snorts.

Boots clinking on wood.

More laughter.

“Caray wey, los *chavos del siete y medio*...”

They open their eyes.

Six brown-skinned men in **denim jackets, trucker hats**, and faces weathered like the land are **laughing their asses off.**

Standing right in the living room.

Boots muddy.

Coffee in hand.

Looking down at the soft Gen Z pile like a pile of
talking trash bags.

One of the kids squeaks:

“Who the f—”

The girl mutters, “Did we just get colonized in
reverse?”

One of the vaqueros tips his hat, smirking:

**“We’re the *real*/help, güey. The ones who don’t cry
when the calf looks at them.”**

Another chimes in:

“Y el viejo? He says you’re ‘trainees.’”

Spits tobacco into the fireplace.

“We say you’re lunch meat.”

More laughter.

One lights a cigarette with a stovetop flame.

Another pokes one of the kids with his boot.

“Up. Or Grandpa’s gonna brand your asses.”

The kids sit up, reeking of regret and burnt beans.

From outside:

The stomp of boots.

The creak of saddle leather.

The *click* of a lighter.

Grandpa’s back.

And day two just got *witnesses*.

EPISODE 15: “Reality Check”

The kids are still blinking at the vaqueros—
half-asleep, half-terrified, fully humiliated—
when the front door swings open hard enough to
slam the wall.

THUD.

Grandpa Tough Shit stands in the doorway, framed
by prairie dawn and raw authority.

Hat on.

Coat buttoned.

Shotgun in one hand, tin mug in the other.

Steam rising from the coffee like it's afraid to
disobey him.

He looks at the mess of Gen Z and the laughing
vaqueros.

Takes a long sip.

Spits directly into the fireplace.

Then:

“What’s with those eyes?”

He steps forward.

Boots thumping like war drums.

“Do you really think I run my own ranch?”

He points his shotgun toward the vaqueros.

“They run this place. They work. They sweat.

I point. They move. I sleep. They fence.

You? You’re just a bunch of useless pussies.”

Silence.

The vaqueros are trying not to laugh out loud again.
One actually *does*, then hides it in a cough.

Grandpa leans in, voice low and cruel:

“You think this is a fucking bootcamp to grow some balls? This ain’t a retreat. This is a working ranch. And right now, you’re just parasites with TikToks.”

He straightens up.

“So today you follow the real men. You watch. You learn. You shut up.”

Then, to the vaqueros:

“If they slow you down, rope ‘em to a post and leave ‘em. Coyotes’ll decide if they’re worth keeping.”

He turns and walks out again, sipping his boiling poison.

The screen door slams behind him.

The kids?

No one moves.

Until one vaquero grins and claps.

“Welcome to *Grow a Pear*, cabrones.”

EPISODE 16: “Pear Pressure”

The kids are marched out into the prairie at sunrise,
flanked by the six vaqueros—smirking, spitting,
occasionally slapping the back of a head for walking
too slow.

The girl limps.

One boy has his hoodie tied around his waist like a
diaper.

Another’s wearing only one shoe and doesn’t
remember why.

They pass by the barn.

By the calf they nearly got killed over.

By the grave mound of Moo-ses, still wobbling.

The lead vaquero turns.

“Alright, chamacos. Today’s lesson: how to keep something alive without making it wish it were dead.”

They arrive at a paddock.

Dozens of calves.

Some sick.

Some injured.

All waiting for medicine, water, and someone who knows what the hell they’re doing.

Vaquero 1 slaps a feed bucket into a kid’s chest.

Vaquero 2 points at a trough.

Vaquero 3 just says, “Don’t get kicked in the nuts. They remember faces.”

What follows is **six hours** of:

- Slipping in cow shit.
- Getting bitten.
- Being used as scratching posts.
- Mistaking worming paste for sunscreen.

- Discovering where the phrase “*cow pisses like a fire hose*” comes from.

Mid-morning, one kid drops a feed bag and collapses.

The vaqueros don't help.

They just circle around and chant,

“¡Crece un par, crece un par, crece un par!”

(Grow a pair, grow a pair, grow a pair.)

The girl, by sheer rage and protein-starved adrenaline, manages to clean an infected hoof.

One vaquero whistles, then nods.

First nod of the week.

She almost cries.

The others look on like it's a religious experience.

Progress.

Maybe.

As they drag themselves to a break, covered in dung and moral injury, one kid whispers:

“I think... I think I feel the pear forming.”

Another wheezes:

“That might be internal bleeding.”

Far off, Grandpa Tough Shit watches from atop his horse, sipping from his mug.

Still silent.

Still judging.

But he doesn't shoot them.

Not today.

EPISODE 17: “Gracias, I Guess?”

The sun dips low.

Prairie gold washes everything in fake serenity.

The kids are barely alive—sunburned, dung-smudged, bruised, and dehydrated—but alive.

They sit on upturned buckets, gnawing stale jerky like starving prisoners gnawing boot leather.

The vaqueros lean on fences, drinking from dented thermoses and laughing in Spanish about things the kids *really* hope aren't about them.

Then—one kid stands.

Clears his throat.

Instant regret, but it's too late.

“Um... hey. You guys. Just wanted to say...”

He pauses.

Looks at the others for help.

Gets none.

“...Thanks. For, like... letting us learn from you?”

The girl cringes like she's been slapped with a tortilla.

Another kid facepalms.

Someone audibly whispers, “Oh no.”

The vaqueros go still.

Eyebrows rise.

“Letting you?” one repeats, as if testing the word for poison.

“You think we’re here to be your spirit guides, güey?”

He spits into the dirt.

Another adds,

“You think *we* get a certificate? Some tofu-ass badge that says *‘helped white kids reconnect with the land?’*”

They circle the kids.

Not angry.

Worse.

Disappointed.

“We don’t ‘let’ anyone learn. You suffer, or you don’t. You grow, or you rot. That’s it.”

The girl tries to recover.

“No—we *get* that. It’s just... we’re grateful.”

A long pause.

One vaquero nods, very slowly.

“Then say that. Say *thank you*. Like a human. Not a brochure.”

They do.

Awkwardly.

Each one.

Thank you.

Gracias.

Thank you again.

Sorry.

Thank you.

One vaquero grins.

“Now you're almost people.”

And for the first time—

they hand the kids the thermoses.

Inside:

Hot, strong coffee.

With something extra.

One sip.

Eyes widen.

“Is that tequila?”

“...And cinnamon?”

“...And maybe lighter fluid?”

“It’s fuel,” the lead vaquero says, mounting his horse.

“You’ll need it.”

They ride off into the dusk.

Whistling.

Laughing.

The kids sit in silence.

The girl raises her cup.

“To almost being people.”

EPISODE 18: “Communal Baptism of Dirt and Shame”

Night falls.

The vaqueros are gone.

The work is done.

For now.

The kids are sent to the **bunkhouse**.

Not the guest lodge (there isn't one).

Not a rustic cabin.

A **long, low, creaking structure** that smells like sweat, hay, tobacco, and memories you don't talk about.

Inside:

Bunks stacked like coffins.

Wool blankets that itch just by looking at them.

And at the far end—

The Showers.

No stalls.

No privacy.

Just a row of rusty nozzles over a cracked tile floor.

One flickering bulb overhead like it's reconsidering its life.

They step under the cold spray.

No one speaks.

No one jokes.

No one flirts.

Because this isn't cute.

This isn't camp.

This is **survival hygiene**.

They scrub like demons.

Like they're trying to erase the very memory of the
day.

Dirt *peels* off in chunks.

Fingernails unearth secrets.

Hair releases entire topographies of dust.

They discover muscles they didn't know they had—
and dirt in places they didn't know were *reachable*.

One kid mutters:

"I think I just washed a second butthole."

Another:

“My armpits are bleeding. Is that good or bad?”

The girl is bent over, scrubbing her ankles like they committed war crimes.

No one looks at each other.

They just exist in a shared, raw, unfiltered state of filth and humanity.

By the end, they’re clean—but not fresh.

Just **emptied**.

They dry off in silence.

Wrap themselves in scratchy blankets.

Climb into bunks that creak like dying dinosaurs.

And somewhere in the dark, one voice speaks:

“I don’t think I’ll ever be that dirty again.”

A pause.

“You will.”

It’s the girl.

Already half-asleep.

Already bracing.

EPISODE 19: “The Human Condition”

They lie in their bunks.

Sore.

Clean.

Splayed out like broken scarecrows in wool burrito wraps.

Everything hurts.

Muscles ache in biblical ways.

Feet hum like tuning forks.

Faces sunburned, eyelids raw.

And still—

minds wander.

No one says it.

No one *dares* say it.

But every single one of them is—quietly, privately—

replaying the shower.

Not the misery.

Not the blood or the shame.

Just...

the moment they were clean.

Naked. Raw. Real.

No filters.

No captions.

No clothes to shape the lie.

Just bodies.

Flawed.

Exhausted.

Beautiful in that unspeakably human way.

One in bunk 3 shifts under his blanket.

Another in bunk 1 crosses her legs for no particular reason.

Bunk 4 lets out a deep, sighing breath—somewhere between a groan and a thought.

Bunk 2 is pretending to sleep but is definitely *not* asleep.

The air thickens.

Not sexually.

Not yet.

But **viscerally**.

Like an animal instinct trying to remember how to be human again.

A whisper:

“You guys... remember the water?”

A beat.

“The hot part or the cold part?”

“No... the part where we didn’t look like hell.”

Silence.

Then a laugh.

Low. Quiet. Embarrassed.

Another:

“I didn’t hate how you looked.”

More silence.

Someone shuffles under their blanket.

Someone else exhales.

No one moves.

But the seed's there.

Warmed by memory.

Fed by exhaustion.

Rooted in that strange magic where surviving
something awful makes you... feel.

And maybe, just maybe, tomorrow will bring
something worse.

But tonight—

they're clean.

And that's enough to spark **a little frisky hope.**

EPISODE 20: "Grow a Pair of... Feelings?"

It starts with a shift.

Then a rustle.

Then a whisper.

Then silence.

Then the *creak* of a bunk bed.

Someone gets up.

No shoes.

Just a blanket.

Crosses the floor quietly.

Another body sits up.

Meets them halfway.

No words.

None needed.

They kiss.

Not in a movie way.

In a *real* way.

Sloppy. Desperate. Like they've been dragged through hell and only now remembered they're alive.

Another bunk shifts.

Two more.

Blankets rustle.

Laughter, breathless.

Someone gasps.

By now it's a blur:

Bodies tangled.

Blankets shared.

Skin on skin not for pleasure, not yet—

But for **proof**.

We're still human.

Fingers on ribs.

Teeth on necks.

Whispers and stifled sounds in the dark.

It's messy.

Awkward.

Honest.

A collision of filth and forgiveness, of instincts and

identity, of being so *damn* exhausted that shame
dies before desire does.

Someone giggles.

Another swears softly.

Another says, “Fuck it,” and climbs down.

No one’s left out.

No one’s in control.

There are no couples—just **contact**.

Bodies like firewood.

Frisky, clumsy warmth in the coldest place they’ve
ever known.

By the end, they’re breathless.

A pile of limbs and half-spoken jokes and nervous
little moans.

Someone says:

“So... I guess this is part of the course too.”

Another:

“Extra credit.”

And a third, already falling asleep in someone else's
arms:

"Better than yoga."

The fire burns low.

Coyotes don't howl.

Even the prairie seems to give them this one.

EPISODE 21: "The Smoke of Judgment"

They lie in a tangled heap.

Spent.

Sticky.

Emptied.

A slow, soft breathing pile of sweat, saliva, and
something resembling redemption.

Not pornographic.

Not performative.

Just the hushed, sacred aftermath of **true surrender.**

They hold each other like survivors of an ancient
storm.

Arms draped over chests, legs laced like roots.
Breathing synced.
Hearts slow.

Then—

Flick.

A match.
Somewhere in the dark.

They freeze.
All at once.
Primal alertness returning with horrifying speed.

From the far corner of the bunkhouse—
a glow.

A gnarled hand brings the flame to the bowl of a
long pipe.
Tobacco crackles.
Smoke curls.
And then she steps forward:

An old Cheyenne woman.

Cloaked in a faded wool shawl.

Wrinkles like riverbeds.

Eyes like wet stone.

She regards them.

Calm. Unblinking.

No shock.

No scorn.

Only the kind of **knowing** that makes time itself
uneasy.

She takes a long pull from the pipe.

Lets it out in a thin, lazy stream.

“It was only time,” she says.

Voice smooth and brittle, like a dry leaf that still
sings in the wind.

No one speaks.

No one even *moves*.

Naked.

Cradling each other.

Cradled in her gaze.

“The body must burn,” she continues,
“before the soul can grow.”

She takes another puff.

Steps back into the shadows.

And disappears.

No door opened.

No floor creaked.

Just—**gone.**

They lie there.

Terrified.

Blessed.

Confused.

And finally—

the girl says:

“...What the actual fuck.”

EPISODE 22: “Winners’ Circle”

The sun is already up.

Too up.

Too bright.

Every creak of the floorboard is an assault.

Every breath smells faintly of regret and hay.

They shuffle into the ranch house like criminals in matching hangovers.

Hair a mess.

Eyes squinty.

Still vaguely glowing.

Still vaguely terrified.

At the breakfast table:

The vaqueros.

Grinning.

Waiting.

And then—**cheers.**

Full-throated, cowboy-style, **locker-room-level cheering.**

“¡Ándale, chavos!”

“Los del siete y medio graduated, cabrones!”

“They did the grown-up rodeo!”

“¡Órale! ¡Mucho amor, poca ropa!”

Boots stomp the floor.

Cups clink.

One of the vaqueros mimes bucking a bronco with
graphic hip thrusts.

They sit.

Blushing.

Somewhere between proud and mortified.

Except Grandpa.

He's already seated.

Hat low.

Coffee in hand.

Mouth tight as a trigger.

Doesn't speak.

Doesn't blink.

Doesn't acknowledge.

Next to him—

the old Cheyenne woman.

She's stirring a **cast iron pot** that smells like beef,
ash, and unspoken truths.

Pans sizzle.

Cattle-fat biscuits steam.

Coffee black as sin.

No toast.

No granola.

No almond milk.

Just **breakfast that smells like prairie and
consequence.**

She ladles out the food with quiet precision.

No commentary.

No smirk.

She sets each plate down like an offering.

The girl, still processing her *divine sex vision*,
mutters:

“Thank you...”

The old woman doesn’t respond.

Just presses a finger to the girl’s chest.

Then to her own heart.

Then walks back to the stove.

No one knows what it meant.

Everyone knows *exactly* what it meant.

And still—**Grandpa hasn’t said a word.**

Until now.

He looks up.

Eyes like dry wells.

Voice like the land itself.

“Finish eating. Fence line needs mending.”

Back to work.

No parade.

No gold stars.

No “that’s okay, kids.”

Just food.

And orders.

And life, continued.

EPISODE 23: “The Line of Pain”

They eat.

Fast.

Silently.

Still warm with post-coital humility.

Still chewing around Grandpa’s silence like it’s part
of the meal.

Then: **out.**

The sun’s high.

The prairie is still.

And the **fence line** stretches like a cruel joke across the horizon.

A tangled mess of wood posts, rusted barbed wire, and weather-beaten resolve.

They stare at it.

One finally asks:

“How… do you even mend a fence?”

Another shrugs, holding pliers upside down.

“I thought fences were like… metaphors. For, you know, boundaries.”

The girl squints at a splintered post.

“This one looks like it was kicked by God.”

Left to their own devices.

No Grandpa.

No vaqueros.

No Cheyenne oracle with a pipe of foreshadowing.

Just **them**.

And a **bucket of tools** they don't know how to name,
a coil of angry barbed wire,
and miles of prairie daring them to try.

First mistake:

They start with the wire.

Gloveless.

Of course.

“AH! FUCK!”

First blood drawn.

Not the last.

Second mistake:

They try to hammer the post without stabilizing it.

It topples.

Onto someone's foot.

Screaming ensues.

Third mistake:

They over-tension the barbed wire.

It snaps back like a vengeful snake.

Leaves a scar.

Leaves a memory.

Hours pass.

They sweat.

They swear.

They start singing sea shanties in delirium.

And somewhere along the line—
the fence **stands**.

Bent.

Crooked.

Leaning like a drunk at last call.

But **holding**.

They sit in the dirt, gasping.

Bloodied hands.

Sunburned necks.

The girl pulls a barb out of her hoodie sleeve and
mutters:

“Okay. Fences are *not* metaphors.”

One of the boys leans back and grins through a
swollen lip.

“It’s a start.”

Far off, hidden on a ridge, Grandpa watches from
horseback.

Doesn’t smile.

But also—

doesn’t reload.

EPISODE 24: “Fall of the House of Pear”

Sunset.

The prairie glows with that deceitful golden light—
the kind that makes misery look poetic.

The kids are slumped under the final fence post.

Sweaty.

Bloody.

Smudged with manure and pride.

They did it.

Sort of.

The fence *stands*.

Crooked as a drunk preacher, sure,
but upright.

They high-five like wounded veterans.

Someone cries a little.

Someone else mutters,

“Bet Grandpa’s gonna cry when he sees this.”

They all laugh.

Then—

hooves.

The familiar, soul-splitting rhythm of **judgment on
horseback.**

Grandpa rides in.

Alone.

Hat low.

Cigar lit.

He doesn’t speak.

Doesn’t stop.

He just approaches the very **first post.**

Without dismounting—
without effort—

he extends one boot in the stirrup.

Just a little nudge.

Barely a toe-touch.

And the post falls.

CRACK.

Then another.

Then another.

Then another.

Dominoes.

One by one.

The entire fence.

All. Of. It.

Falls.

The final post topples like the credits of a tragic
comedy.

The kids watch it all.

Motionless.

Mouths open.

Eyes dead.

Dust settles.

Cigar glows.

Grandpa finally speaks.

Voice like gravel soaked in disappointment.

“You don’t build to stand.

You build to stay standing.”

He turns the horse.

Rides back toward the ranch.

One boy collapses face-first into the dirt.

Another starts laughing like a lunatic.

The girl just says:

“...We deserved that.”

And somewhere, faintly—
just faintly—
a coyote **laughs**.

EPISODE 25: “The Cavalry Does Not Dismount”

Stillness.

The last post is down.

Hope is face-down in the dirt, clutching a broken
plier.

The kids sit motionless.

Dust settling in their hair.

One is muttering to a grasshopper like it’s a
therapist.

Then—

hoofbeats.

They look up.

The vaqueros.

Riding in like a Sergio Leone dream sequence.

Denim jackets.

Trucker hats.

Cigarettes barely hanging on.

Six horses.

Twelve middle fingers to pity.

One bluetooth speaker blasting *Vicente Fernández*.

One of the boys shouts, desperate:

**“The cavalry! They’ve come to help! They’ll teach!
They’ll save us!”**

The vaqueros ride in a perfect V formation.

Slow-motion silhouettes against the blood-orange
sky.

At the edge of the broken fence line—
they don’t stop.

They don’t slow.

They **toss** two things from their saddlebags.

THUD. THUD.

Two industrial torchlights.

Still warm.

Fully charged.

And then—

they ride the fuck on.

Not a word.

Not a nod.

Not a glance.

Just six cowboys

riding into the dusk

like the most disrespectful angels of mercy the West

has ever known.

The girl walks to the torches.

Picks one up.

Flicks it on.

Blinding white light sears through the encroaching
dark.

Revealing every fallen post.

Every coil of loose wire.

Every scar.

She looks back at the others.

“Get up.”

One groans.

Another whines.

She raises the torch like a goddamn beacon.

“GET. UP.”

They do.

Broken.

But burning.

The fence won't rebuild itself.

But maybe now—neither will they.

They'll build better.

Stronger.

Wiser.

Or they'll die trying.

Probably both.

EPISODE 26: “Night of the Pear”

The torches cast two burning white suns across the broken prairie.

Beyond them—**nothing but black.**

And in the black:

- **Coyotes**, already circling, drawn to the scent of failure and calf spit.
- **Rattlesnakes**, coiled in nests like landmines, invisible till it’s far too late.
- And **cold.**

Not “put-on-a-jacket” cold.

Not “brrr, hoodie weather.”

Dead-man’s-piss-turns-to-ice cold.

The kind that creeps into your marrow and makes you want to cry *your ancestors warm.*

But they **don’t stop.**

They’ve been mocked.

Bled.

Publicly humiliated by both man and prairie.

And now—
they work.

In pairs, in silence.
Holding posts upright with trembling hands.
Pulling barbed wire taut with torn palms.
One person keeps lookout for glowing eyes.
Another listens for the *dry music* of rattles.

At one point:

A **coyote** lunges too close.
The girl swings a hammer, hitting it mid-air.
It yelps and flees.
She doesn't flinch.

At another:

A **rattlesnake nest** is uncovered.
They mark it with a shovel and keep building
around it.
No screaming.
No drama.
Just war strategy.

They wrap themselves in torchlight and frost,
driven by spite, by pain, by some new religion of
earned survival.

Fingers numb.

Teeth chattering.

Hearts still *weirdly* bonded by shared nudity and
trauma.

**And still—
the fence rises.**

Not perfect.

But sturdy.

Post by post.

Wire by wire.

They don't talk.

They don't need to.

This isn't about *passing Grandpa's test.*

This is about **proving to the land that they belong
here.**

And by the time the stars have shifted,
and the coyotes have fallen back,
and the wind has stilled—

the fence stands.

And so do they.

Battered.

Filthy.

Bleeding.

But **standing.**

For the first time—

not as four lost kids.

But as one unit.

Tired.

Ugly.

Pear-grown.

EPISODE 27: “Tested and Standing”

Sunrise creeps in slow.

Not golden. Not glorious.

Just **real**.

A cold, pale wash of proof that the world still
turns—even if your soul feels like it fell off
somewhere around midnight.

They stand together, hunched over, four broken
outlines against the prairie.

Before heading back, the girl turns to face the fence.

Eyes narrowed.

Heart pounding.

That small, evil voice whispering *“What if it still
sucks?”*

She walks up to the first post.

Raises her boot.

Kicks it.

Nothing.

It stands.

She nods.

Takes three steps over.

Kicks another.

Still standing.

Her face is blank.

Then slowly—just a twitch—

a smile.

The first in what feels like weeks.

The others don't speak.

They just start the trudge back to the bunkhouse,
boots dragging, bones grinding.

Inside:

Still dark.

Still cold.

Still smells like sweat and accidental sex.

No one undresses.

No one cares.

They fall into bunks like corpses finally laid to rest.
Still in boots.
Still caked in blood, dirt, and post-traumatic fence
dust.

One kid mumbles,
“If anyone moves me, I will literally pass away.”

Another groans into the mattress,
“Don’t let Grandpa brand us in our sleep.”

The girl, already half-gone, mutters:
“If this is death… it’s earned.”

And then—**nothing.**

Just four bodies.
Fully clothed.
Fully unconscious.
But finally whole.

And outside, the fence holds.
Crooked.

Ugly.

Perfect.

EPISODE 28: “Boom-Boom Wake-Up”

Darkness.

Stillness.

Dreams of nothing.

Then—

BOOM.

BOOM.

BLAM-CRACK-SPLINTER.

The *front door* kicks open like it owed someone money.

Shotgun blast—twice—straight into the roof.

Insulation rains down.

Feathers from nowhere.

**A squirrel sprints across the rafters screaming in
three languages.**

One kid rolls out of his bunk and hits the floor with
a wet *thud*.

Another screams in a pitch only dogs can hear.

The girl grabs her boot like a weapon.

The fourth just wets themselves and says, “Okay.”

Standing in the doorway:

Grandpa Tough Shit.

Hat low.

Shotgun still smoking.

Eyes like the bottom of an empty whisky bottle.

He spits.

Steps in.

Stomps a pile of their dignity flat with one boot.

And then—

barks it:

“What the FUCK are you doin’, sleeping in daylight time?”

His voice cracks like thunder carved from bark.

He looks around.

At the half-dead, mostly traumatized heap.

Still wearing the same clothes from last night’s triumph.

Eyes wide.

Limbs twitching.

Souls *broken in fresh ways*.

“You want a fuckin’ parade? A medal? You fixed a fence.”

He pauses.

“Barely.”

He racks the shotgun again for punctuation.

Doesn’t fire.

Lets the *click-clack* say everything.

“Get your sorry asses up.

Go eat some shit.

Get to work.

Rain's comin'. Snow too.

And now the goddamn roof leaks."

He turns and leaves.

The door slams so hard it fixes the hinge he broke.

Silence.

Cracked ceiling.

Twitching eyeballs.

The girl sits up.

Blank stare.

"Did we... win? Or is this hell with livestock?"

One of them reaches for a boot and says:

"Don't matter. We're late for shit-eating."

EPISODE 29: "Breakfast of Regret"

They stagger into the kitchen like famine survivors
crawling toward the scent of hope.

Still filthy.

Still shellshocked.

Still processing *buckshot-based wake-up calls*.

And there, on the table:

The food.

Except... food is a **generous** word.

It's brown.

Lumpy.

Glossy in the wrong way.

And shaped like something that already passed
through a digestive system once.

Smells familiar.

Too familiar.

One kid gags.

The girl leans in, sniffs, recoils.

“Jesus. It smells like Moo-ses’s afterlife.”

Then—a **voice**.

From nowhere.

From *within* the room.

From *under* time itself.

“Pemmican.”

They all jump.

The old Cheyenne woman.

Again.

No door.

No warning.

Just **there**.

As eternal and unbothered as the prairie itself.

She places one heavy hand on the pile of what-
might-be-food.

“Meat. Fat. Berries. Dried in sun. Lasts all winter.”

A pause.

A smile that might be pride or just pity.

“Keeps you alive.”

They nod slowly.

Even as one kid whispers,

“Keeps you wishing you were dead.”

At the counter:

Styrofoam cups.

Steaming.

Filled with what *looks* like coffee.

But smells like diesel, rage, and at least two kinds of
bootleg whiskey.

One kid takes a sip.

Instantly hiccups flame.

“That’s not a latte. That’s a confession.”

No plates.

No chairs.

No mercy.

This is not breakfast.

This is a command.

A message.

Breakfast is to go.

No rest.

No digestion.

No ceremony.

They choke down the pemmicam, grab the coffee,
and stumble back out the door.

The prairie waits.

And it smells like cold dirt and looming punishment.

The Cheyenne woman watches them leave.

Sips her own drink.

Smiles with eyes that have seen **too much**.

EPISODE 30: “Mud, Moo, and Misery”

Outside, the sky has turned the color of **gunmetal**
despair.

Clouds hang low, thick and swollen.

The wind smells like wet manure and unkept
promises.

The kids, holding their styrofoam cups like
battlefield rations, barely notice the drizzle turning
to rain.

Until—

CLACK. CLACK. CLACK.

Boots on wet wood.

Grandpa appears on the porch like a prophet of
hardship.

Rain hits his hat and *rolls off*, scared to stay.

He lights a cigar in defiance of physics and basic
combustion.

Points his thumb to the open range.

**“Cattle drifted. Mudslide east of the arroyo. You’re
gonna herd ’em back.”**

They blink.

Wait.

Surely there’s a horse, an ATV, a miracle.

Grandpa:

“On foot.”

One kid:

“Through the mud?”

“No, through the fuckin’ sky.”

Grandpa turns and walks back into his house like it’s
a punchline.

Thunder.

They sip their whiskey-coffee.

The warmth is gone.

Now it’s just **fuel**.

Out they go.

Into the storm.

Within minutes:

Boots vanish into sludge.

Socks are a memory.

One kid loses a shoe to the mud’s insatiable hunger.

They watch it sink and say nothing.

Cows are spread out like spilled marbles—
mooing, moo-drenched, uncooperative.
Each one weighing a ton and giving **zero shits** about
teenage existential crises.

The girl slaps a flank.
Gets tail-whipped in the face.
Still, she shouts:
“Move your steak-ass forward!”

They push.
They pull.
They *beg*.
It’s like herding pudding with hooves.

One cow stares at them like it’s witnessing **the fall
of civilization**.
Another sits down.
Refuses to move.
Just sits.
In the rain.
Triumphant.

The kids are drenched.

Freezing.

Covered in mud, manure, and udder-sourced
betrayal.

Still—

the herd inches back.

One soggy moo at a time.

Hours pass.

Maybe years.

And when they finally stumble back to the ranch,
cows safe,
hair plastered,
souls cracked—

Grandpa's on the porch.

Still smoking.

Still dry.

"Took you long enough."

He flicks his cigar into the mud.

EPISODE 31: “Cheyenne Stew & Consequences”

They drag their carcasses to the ranch house.

Wet.

Raw.

Smelling like betrayal and beef.

No one speaks.

No one jokes.

They’ve reached a point beyond pain—

mud zen.

Inside: warmth.

Smoky. Spicy.

Dangerously spicy.

On the stove:

A pot big enough to cremate a small adult.

Bubbling. Bubbling.

Cheyenne stew.

The Cheyenne woman stirs with a spoon that looks like it was carved from prophecy.

She doesn't look up.

Just ladles four portions with grim elegance.

Steam rises.

Red.

Thick.

Ominous.

They sit.

Stare into their bowls.

"Is that... chili?"

"No. That's war."

They take the first bite.

CAYENNE.

CAYENNE. EVERYWHERE.

The mouth becomes a battleground.

Throats burn.

Eyeballs twitch.

One kid coughs into his cornbread and sees Jesus
briefly.

The cornbread helps.

Barely.

A sponge against a culinary explosion.

They soak it. Chew. Swallow like survivors.

Then—

the whisky.

Neat.

No apologies.

No ice.

No soul left behind.

Then—

coffee.

Spiked.

Vicious.

Smells like gun oil and final exams.

They drink.

They sweat.

They cry.

They thank no one.

And yet—
this is a feast.

Because this time, they know:
They **earned** it.

Outside, the wind howls.
Inside, four kids sit in silence, eyes wide, lips
trembling, minds scorched clean.

And somewhere in the shadows, the Cheyenne
woman exhales through her nose.
Almost like a laugh.
Almost.

EPISODE 32: “Scrub Club II: The Grime Strikes Back”

Night.
Again.
They return to the bunkhouse caked in a fresh layer
of mud, cow spit, and cayenne-infused sweat.

There's no ceremony anymore.

No shame.

No protest.

They march wordlessly to the communal showers.

Turn on the taps.

Let the cold water baptize the suffering off them.

And then—

it happens.

Something shifts.

One drops the soap, picks it up,

locks eyes with another.

A nod.

Unspoken.

"You scrub me, I scrub you."

It's not flirtation.

It's not intimacy.

It's **warrior maintenance.**

Backs.

Knees.

Places no one wants to talk about but *need* to be scrubbed.

Someone mutters,

“Tired. So fucking tired.”

The girl squints through steam and exhaustion.

“You still horny?”

“Later.”

“Same.”

They finish up.

Dry off with burlap-like towels.

Put on the same clothes from yesterday because they’ve reached that level of spiritual erosion.

One slumps into a bunk.

Another flops face-first into a mattress.

The girl pulls a blanket over herself, sighs:

“Okay. I like you all. But not enough to touch

anyone ever again unless I'm bribed with cornbread
and whiskey."

One voice in the dark:
"Deal."

Silence.

Sleep.

Bodies bruised.

Spirits temporarily stable.

Flesh: scrubbed.

Desire: postponed.

Tomorrow's disaster can wait.

Tonight?

They just need not to die.

EPISODE 33: "The Miracle of Sleep"

Darkness.

Stillness.

No shotgun blasts.

No coyotes.

No calving emergencies.

No one on fire.

No ancient native women appearing like
apparitions.

Just... **night.**

And they **sleep.**

All the way through.

No nightmares.

No groaning joints.

No sudden cold-snaps or clanging pots.

Just a slow, warm descent into the kind of sleep you
can only earn with pain, blisters, and emotional
exfoliation.

Then—

Before the light cracks the horizon,
before the first coyote farts,

they wake.

Naturally.

Gently.

No alarms.

No Grandpa-initiated firearm percussion.

Eyes flutter.

Joints ache.

Hearts steady.

The girl sits up first.

Blinking.

Staring at the shadows.

“...Did we just—”

Another mumbles:

“Sleep?”

“All night?”

“Without getting kicked, shot at, or emotionally degraded?”

They sit in silence.

A reverent moment.

Like discovering God lives behind the laundry room
and hands out melatonin.

Then—

they laugh.

Quiet at first.

Then louder.

Delirious, stupid laughter.

One does a little shimmy of joy on the bunk.

Another grabs his chest like it's too much emotion.

“We fucking slept!”

“I DREAMED!”

“I DROOLED ONCE.”

The girl:

“I didn’t once think about dying or my ex.”

They sit together.

In dirty shirts, half-buttoned jeans, tangled hair and
radiant disbelief.

They **survived** a whole night without intervention.

And maybe—just maybe—
they’re becoming ranch folk.
Or something tougher.

Something real.

EPISODE 34: “Let It Snow (Inside)”

The joy of sleep fades fast.

One kid stretches, arms high, glowing with peace—
and is immediately pelted in the face with a
snowball.

From the ceiling.

He blinks.

Looks up.

A snowflake drifts gently down.

Lands on his lip.

Melts into the taste of betrayal and roof neglect.

Then they all realize—

it snowed.

Hard.

And indoors.

They sit up.

The floor is **white**.

A fine layer of **snow** dusts their boots, their
blankets, one unfortunate's open mouth.

Another bunk looks like a sad igloo.

All because—

Grandpa shot the roof.

Twice.

With both barrels.

Because he had something to say.

The girl stands, blanket wrapped around her like a
monk in crisis.

Breath visibly steaming from her nose.

“He shot the roof.”

“We live outside. But inside.”

“I am inside-outside sad.”

One tries to light a fire.

It sizzles.

Then dies.

The wood is damp.

The air is damp.

Everything is damp.

They huddle by the one half-functioning space
heater.

Someone pours whisky in coffee.

Someone else just pours whisky in whisky.

The girl breaks off a piece of frozen cornbread and
chews mechanically.

Silence.

Shivering.

Then—

from under a blanket:

“I dreamed of beaches. I woke up in a snow cone.”

Another mutters:

“Is it too early to sing?”

They all pause.

Look around.

A few nervous chuckles.

A rhythmic tap of a spoon on a metal mug.

One voice, quiet:

**“If we do break into song... we blame the cold,
right?”**

A long pause.

Then the girl says, serious as death:

“Not yet.”

She stands.

Takes a deep breath.

“We shovel first. We sing when we’ve earned it.”

And they rise.

Four underdressed, half-awake, frostbitten half-adults.

Time to shovel the bunkhouse.

From the inside.

EPISODE 35: “Stew and Nails”

It’s still snowing.

Inside and out.

They shovel.

For minutes.

Then hours.

Then minutes again that feel like hours.

They clear a section—

fwump.

Fresh snow falls right through the shotgun skylight.

They try again.

Fwump.

Again.

A cruel blizzard version of Sisyphus.

Until one finally stops, drops the shovel, and groans:

“Fuck it. Breakfast.”

The others don’t argue.

There’s no fight left.

Only **hunger, resignation, and cayenne withdrawal.**

They stumble back to the house, dusted like
discount donuts.

Inside:

No fire.

No warmth.

But a **table.**

And on it:

Four **bowls of Cheyenne stew.**

Still hot.

Still angry.

Still seasoned by Satan.

But it's not alone.

Each bowl is balanced on top of something:

- A **rusty hammer**
- A **pile of roofing nails**
- A **plank of wood with bent screws sticking out**
- A **rolled-up tarp and half a tin of roofing tar**

They stare at the display.

The message is silent.

But thunderous.

Fix. The. Fucking. Roof.

They sit.

Eat cautiously.

The stew is spicier than memory.

One sneezes directly into the tar.

The girl pokes a nail with her spoon.

Sighs.

“Breakfast à la threat.”

Another nods.

“It’s like if Gordon Ramsay was a structural engineer.”

They eat.

They sweat.

They understand.

No one speaks of quitting.

No one even dreams of TikTok.

They finish.

Wipe their mouths with work gloves.

Stand.

Grab the tools.

And outside—

the wind howls.

The snow keeps falling.

But **so do hammers.**

EPISODE 36: “Rooftop Virgins”

They stand outside the bunkhouse, tools in hand,
stew in their stomachs, **fear in their eyes.**

Snow still falling like powdered doom.

Above them:

The roof.

A gentle slope of splintered boards, warped
shingles, and fresh, buckshot-ventilated skylights.

The girl squints up.

“Ever been on a roof?”

The others:

Silence.

Guilt.

One hesitant shrug.

“Been on a Ferris wheel once.”

“I changed a lightbulb in a ceiling fan.”

“Does climbing into my mom’s attic to cry count?”

No.

None of them have.

Ever been on a roof.

Let alone *fixed* one.

And yet—there they are.

With a bucket of nails.

A half-frozen tarp.

A hammer that might be cursed.

And **one very vague sense of mortality.**

The ladder is old.

Crooked.

Held together by rust, spit, and ancestral spite.

One kid grips it like a rosary.

“If I fall, do I land in snow or my own regrets?”

The girl:

“Depends on your aim.”

She goes up first.

Not bravely—

inevitably.

Like gravity’s bitch in reverse.

Then the others.

Climbing like new recruits in a war they didn’t sign
up for.

And when they finally make it to the top—
knees trembling, snow in their teeth—
they look out.

Wide prairie.

Gray skies.

A vast nothing, broken only by wind and ranch and
pain.

The wind kicks up.
The tarp slaps someone in the face.
A nail is dropped.
The hammer is nearly lost.

They have no idea what they're doing.

But they're up there.
And that's something.

EPISODE 37: "The Eye of the Sky"

They're on the roof.
Barely balanced.
Cold.
Confused.
Hammer in one hand, tarp in the other, **zero idea
what flashing even is.**

Then—a shadow.

It glides silently over them.
Huge.

Graceful.

Terrifying.

A golden eagle.

Not cartoon.

Not metaphor.

Real.

Feathers rippling like polished bronze warpaint.

It circles once.

Twice.

Then **lands**—

not far.

Just across the ridge, maybe twenty yards.

It's watching.

They freeze.

Mouths open.

Breath fogging.

It stands on the ridge like a judgment rendered in
bone and fury.

Claws:

Twice the size of a human hand.

Yellow. Curved. Terrible.

Beak:

Big as a baseball cap.

Hooked.

Sharp.

Eyes:

Fixed.

Mean.

Ancient.

**Like it remembers when humans were just crawling
meat.**

The girl swallows.

Whispers:

**“That’s not a bird. That’s a fuckin’ assassin with
wings.”**

One of the boys ducks, just instinctively.

Another raises the hammer in self-defense, which is
adorable.

The eagle doesn't flinch.

Just stares.

It knows.

It knows they don't belong here.

Not on the roof.

Not on the ranch.

Not in this cold, sacred place where things bleed to
survive.

For a long minute, it's just them and the sky and the
judgment of talons.

Then, with one disdainful screech that sounds like
pure *fuck you*,
the eagle takes off.

Wings wide.

Air splitting.

Gone.

Silence again.

Someone exhales.

Another:

“That thing could’ve carried me off and I would’ve said thank you.”

The girl grips her hammer tighter.

Looks back at the roof.

“Let’s build something that wouldn’t piss that bird off.”

EPISODE 38: “Snap, Crackle, Scream”

Hammer.

Nail.

Tarp flaps.

Wind howls.

Fingers numb.

Spirits fraying.

Then—
a slip.

One kid's boot skids on icy plywood.
A short scream,
a longer fall,
and—
THUD.

The roof crew scrambles to the edge.
Look down.

There he is.
On the ground.
Face twisted in agony.
Cradling his arm at an angle that **should not exist.**

“SHOULDER—”
He gasps,
“—IS NOT SUPPOSED TO BEND THAT WAY.”

They panic.
Yell.

Stammer.

Flail uselessly from the roof.

Then—**Boots.**

Grandpa.

Walking toward the scene like he's seen this in
'Nam, the Wild West, and junior rodeo—
on the same weekend.

He doesn't speak.

Just kneels beside the kid.

Pulls a stick—gnarled, stained, possibly sacred—out
of his coat.

Jams it into the kid's mouth.

“Bite.”

The kid's eyes go wide.

Muffled whimper.

Grandpa places one boot **on his chest.**

Grabs the dislocated arm.

No countdown.

No warning.

Just—YANK.

POP.

CRUNCH.

SCREAM.

CRACK.

The stick shatters in his teeth.

Splinters fly.

Muffled scream becomes whimper.

The pain burns out the sky for a second.

Grandpa drops a battered **flask** onto his chest.

“Drink till the pain goes away.”

Then turns.

Looks up at the roof.

“Quit falling. I want the roof fixed.”

And just like that—
he walks off.
Like that was breakfast.

On the ground, the kid takes a long, shaking swig.
Whispers:

“Tastes like death and wood glue.”

The girl, peeking over the edge, deadpans:
“Means it’s working.”

EPISODE 39: “One Arm, All Grit”

The kid lies in the snow, shoulder now mostly in the
right zip code,
face pale, jaw tight, teeth full of stick splinters.
Clutching the flask like it’s a holy relic.
The others are still frozen above, half-impressed,
half-traumatized.

Then—

soft footsteps.
Silent as snowfall.

The Cheyenne woman.

Again.

From nowhere.

No one ever sees her *arrive*. She simply **is**.

She kneels beside the injured kid, pulls from her shawl a **huge red bandana**—
faded, worn, folded with the kind of reverence normally reserved for sacred texts or loaded weapons.

With swift, practiced motions,
she **immobilizes his arm**, binding it close to his chest.

A knot at the shoulder.

Tight. Final. Absolute.

She sits back on her heels.

Examines her work.

Then nods.

“Good to go.”

A pause.

Then:

“You work with the other hand now.”

No coddling.

No pity.

Just the hard truth.

Woven into cloth and command.

The kid stares at her, lips parted.

Wants to say thank you.

Wants to cry.

Does neither.

He stands.

Wobbles.

Then squares his jaw.

The girl calls from the roof:

“You climbing or posing dramatically?”

He glares.

Grabs the ladder.

Begins the climb.

One hand.

The others move to help.

He shrugs them off with his *elbow*.

The Cheyenne woman watches him ascend.

Then turns,

and vanishes—

again.

EPISODE 40: “Pound for Pound”

They’re back on the roof.

The injured kid works one-handed, jaw clenched,
sweat already beading on his forehead despite the
cold.

He holds nails with his teeth.

Hammers with his off-hand.

He’s slower.

Sloppier.

But **still there.**

No one says a word.

No one mocks.

They all just **work**.

Hammer.

Nail.

Tarp.

Grip.

Hold.

Pound.

Repeat.

Snow falls softly now—mocking them with its
indifference.

The tarp fights them.

The wind bites.

Tools freeze to fingers.

One kid bangs a thumb and just **grunts**.

No screams.

They're past that.

They move like machines built from **resentment and muscle memory.**

She lays shingles.

He nails them.

He seals edges.

She smears tar with a gloved hand like war paint.

Their breath clouds.

Their fingers blister.

The roof, once a sagging wreck of bullet holes and despair, starts to look...
real.

Useful.

Like it belongs.

One checks the line—

almost straight.

They exchange looks.

Not proud.

Not yet.

Just a nod.

A shared **“we’re doing it”** in silence.

From below, nothing.

No vaqueros.

No Grandpa.

No Cheyenne spirit.

Just the sky.

And the sound of four kids **earning** something.

Finally.

For real.

EPISODE 41: “And Then, the Sky Attacked”

A low rumble rolls over the hills.

Not the distant kind.

Not the “maybe it’ll pass” kind.

The deep kind.

The “God just cleared his throat” kind.

The girl freezes mid-nail.

Looks up.

Flash.

CRACK.

BOOM.

Electric storm.

Fast.

Violent.

Coming straight at them.

Then—rain.

No—snow.

No—both.

Rain-snow.

The worst of both worlds.

Cold like death, wet like mockery.

The tarp flaps.

The hammer slips.

One kid nearly eats the edge of the roof.

“OFF!” the girl yells.

They don't question it.

They scramble down,
sliding, slipping, boots finding ladders by dumb
luck.

One slips again—**caught by one hand.**
The one-armed kid.
Not heroic.
Just reflex.

They hit the ground, panting, soaked, frozen.
Stumble into the bunkhouse.

And then—
they **wait.**
Watch the ceiling.
Hold their breath.

The roof.

Holds.

A few **drips**, sure.
One small leak in the corner—okay, two.
But no collapse.

No flood.

No squirrel drowning in insulation.

Just—

a roof.

Doing its job.

They look at each other.

And then—**they jump.**

Scream.

Laugh.

Hug.

Jumping in wet socks on creaky floorboards like
toddlers on their last juice box.

Mud flying.

Voices rising.

Someone yells **“WE BUILT A FUCKING ROOF!”**

Another yells **“I CAN’T FEEL MY TOES!”**

Another: **“WE'RE STILL DRY!”**

The one-armed kid:

“MOSTLY!”

They jump and hug.

Slip and laugh.

Cry and grin.

For the first time,

not just surviving.

But **winning**.

EPISODE 42: “Names and People”

The celebration slows.

Breath catches.

Laughter fades into warm silence.

The storm thunders overhead—still wild, still

furious—

but **outside**.

Inside, for once, the world is still.

Then—

creak.

drip.

boot steps.

The vaqueros enter.

One by one.

Soaked but regal in long, waxed riding coats that
glisten like oiled armor.

Hats low.

Eyes sharp.

Spurs clicking like punctuation.

They look up.

The roof.

Dripping, yes.

But **standing**.

They look at the kids.

Four soaked, trembling, mud-covered semi-humans.

Then—

one of the vaqueros speaks.

Points his chin at the boy with the sling.

“Patita rota… cómo te llamas?”

Broken paw… what’s your name?

Silence.

The boy blinks.

Opens his mouth.

Nothing.

Because—

no one’s ever asked.

He realizes it.

No one’s ever asked.

He’s been “hey you,”

“dude,”

“kid,”

“careful with that,”

“get off the calf,”

and “stop crying.”

But never—

“what’s your name?”

He swallows.
Stands up straighter.

“Miles.”

Voice cracked.
But firm.

The vaquero nods.
Then points at the others.

The girl steps forward.
“Leila.”

The tall one, still holding a muddy hammer:
“Jonas.”

The last one, half-hiding behind a broken broom:
“Tariq.”

The vaqueros pause.
Then—
all at once, they nod.

“Good.

Now...

you are people.”

A pause.

Then one claps his hands.

“Come to dinner.”

And they follow.

Not as charity cases.

Not as soft city parasites.

But as people.

Dirty.

Earned.

Named.

The storm still rages.

But inside—

they have fire.

They have food.

They have names.

EPISODE 43: “Silence in the House”

They approach the house.

Still dripping.

Still steaming from joy and cold.

The storm rolls behind them like applause they
didn't ask for.

They follow the vaqueros up the steps like it's a
church.

Or a courtroom.

Or the gallows.

Jonas, still buzzing with this strange new dignity—
daring, foolish dignity—
offers a tentative:

“Good evening.”

Everything stops.

Boots halt mid-step.

Hats freeze in the air.

The vaquero closest to him—shorter, meaner,
always chewing something—
elbows him hard in the ribs.

Jonas folds like a cheap lawn chair.
“Ow—what—?!”

A hissed whisper:
**“When he’s in the house…
nobody speaks.
Until spoken to.”**

Jonas clutches his side.
Nods.
Lesson learned.
Fast and with bruises.

They enter.

The house is dark, warm, heavy with smoke and
meat and rules.

At the head of the table:
Grandpa.

Already seated.

Already halfway through a slab of beef that looks
like it lost a knife fight but won the war.

Eyes on the plate.

Not on them.

They file in.

Sit where there are no names.

Chairs creak like warnings.

Dinner is served.

No ceremony.

Just **slabs of meat**, three fingers thick, cooked **rare**,
bleeding like confession.

Prairie roots, boiled to bitterness, tasting of earth
and memory and things better left buried.

And **whisky**.

Always whisky.

No toast.

No glass raised.

Just **whisky**.

They eat in **silence**.

Cutlery clinks like Morse code for fear.

One tries to chew quietly.

Fails.

Sweats.

Then—

Grandpa speaks.

Not to all.

Just one.

To Miles.

Though he doesn't use his name.

He doesn't need to.

He just says:

"Have that arm seen by a doctor. When you can."

A pause.

Just long enough for the air to recognize it.

A sentence.

A thread of care, wrapped in steel wool.

Miles nods.
Can't speak.
Wouldn't dare.
But in his throat:
a lump the size of a fence post.

They eat.
Silently.
But **not invisibly**.
Not anymore.

EPISODE 44: "After the Storm"

The fire crackles.
Meat is nearly gone.
Plates scraped clean.
Only bones and the smell of woodsmoke remain.

Grandpa sits at the head of the table.
Finishes his steak with one last deliberate chew.

Raises his glass.
Doesn't toast.

Just **drinks**.

All of it.

A single, brutal swallow.

No wincing.

No blinking.

He stands.

Takes his plate.

Walks it to the sink.

Washes it by hand.

The sound of water, sponge, the soft click of
ceramic.

No one dares breathe too loud.

He dries it.

Puts it back where it belongs.

Then—

he disappears into his quarters.

No goodnight.

No farewell.

No grumble of acknowledgment.

Just the door closing.

Firm.

Final.

And with it—

the tension breaks.

The vaqueros lean back in their chairs.

Hats come off.

Boots unlace.

Spanish laughter sparks like flint.

One flicks a peanut at another.

A cup gets refilled.

Someone snorts while trying to tell a story about a calf that got stuck in a water trough.

The room exhales.

The kids look at each other.

Tentatively.

Slow smiles.

Someone nudges the bottle of whisky down the table.

They pour.

Sip.

Don't flinch this time.

It burns.

But it's a **better** burn now.

A burn that says:

you made it through.

Leila swirls hers like she knows what she's doing.

Miles cradles his with his one good hand.

Jonas raises his glass in silence, and for once no one mocks him.

Tariq taps his boot to a rhythm only he hears.

Almost music.

But not yet.

Just the soft din of people.

Real people.

Eating. Drinking. Laughing.

And for the first time—**belonging.**

EPISODE 45: “Permission”

The vaqueros stand.

Stretch.

Clink their cups.

One ruffles Miles’s hair like a younger brother.

Another flicks Leila’s shoulder with a wink.

Tariq gets a nod of respect.

Jonas gets a one-word compliment:

“Sturdier.”

“Buenas noches, chavos.”

“Duerman como humanos.”

“Si el techo no se cae, ustedes lo hicieron bien.”

They file out.

Back to their own bunkhouse.

Bootsteps fade.

Door clicks shut.

Silence.

Then—

she's there.

Not from a door.

Not from a shadow.

Just **is.**

The **Cheyenne woman.**

Wrapped in her shawl.

Pipe smoldering.

Looking at them like someone reading the final
chapter before it's been written.

She steps into the room, smoke trailing behind her
like memory.

Voice soft, absolute:

“You can sleep late tomorrow.”

A beat.

They blink.

Process.

Then she adds, with absolute calm:

“He says you can mate tonight.”

The air folds in on itself.

Mugs freeze mid-sip.

All four of them blink like they just got hit by
spiritual whiplash.

Tariq chokes on his whisky.

Jonas knocks over his glass.

Miles opens his mouth. Closes it. Opens it again.

Leila just **stares** at her like someone dared reality to
get weirder.

The Cheyenne woman exhales through her pipe.
The smoke curls into a vague, possibly knowing
smile.

Then she walks past them.
Out of view.
Gone.
No door.
No exit.
Just **vanished**.

A silence falls again.
Not awkward.
Not quite.
But **heavy**.
Warm.
Loaded.

Four pairs of eyes slowly meet.
One heartbeat.
Then two.

Leila:

“...So. Permission granted?”

Jonas:

“By... *him*?”

Miles, deadpan:

“That is somehow the least sexy sentence ever said.”

Tariq, already rising, glass in hand:

“Still counts.”

They look at each other.

No giggling.

No flirting.

Just a **flicker of fire**.

Real. Earned. Hungry.

Tonight, there are no more chores.

No more fences.

No more coyotes.

Only heat.

And names.

And permission.

EPISODE 46: “The Roof May Leak, But So Do We”

– *A Porn Comedy Musical in One Long, Sweaty,
Godforsaken Act* –

The bunkhouse door slams open.

Four bodies stumble in.

Wet from snow, soaked from stew, and now—
dripping with destiny.

The roof still leaks.

Water plops into a bucket.

The stove flickers weakly.

But there’s fire **in them.**

And tonight...

nothing else matters.

Leila throws off her jacket. It hits a chair and knocks
over a boot full of water, which spills perfectly into
the rhythm of a drumbeat only they can hear.

Miles shrugs his arm sling free with one motion
that's 60% pain and 40% pure adrenaline.

Jonas unbuttons his shirt like it's trying to seduce
him, and he's finally saying yes.

Tariq just rips his thermal in half, roars like a prairie
lion, and kicks off his boots—one flying directly into
the rafters where it'll remain for all eternity.

Cue music.

Yes.

Actual music.

A sultry harmonica line slides in from nowhere.

Is it real? Is it in their heads?

It doesn't matter.

This is now a **musical orgy**.

Number: "Stick It in the Saddlebag"

*(A grinding, high-speed honky-tonk ballad of
penetration, precipitation, and proper hydration.)*

They collide into each other like overcooked
lasagna.

Buttons fly.

Zippers scream.

Underwear hits the wood stove and **ignites**.

No one cares.

Leila's legs wrap around Jonas's waist with the grace
of a rodeo queen and the force of a stampede.

"Ride me like you owe me hay!" she cries.

He obliges.

And nearly breaks a rib doing so.

Miles—one arm useless, the other divinely
functional—goes straight to work on Tariq, who is
already **bent over the edge of a bunk**, singing
backup falsetto and yelling,

**"USE THE GOOD HAND, MILES! THE HOLY
HAND!"**

There's thrusting.

There's slapping.

There's biting.

There's crying.

There's **eagle sounds**.

They don't know why.

Possibly symbolic.

The bed squeaks a rhythm so filthy it gets
nominated for a Grammy.

Leila rides like a locomotive with revenge.

Jonas clutches her hips and mutters philosophical
nonsense about mortality and mustard.

Tariq moans in Spanish.

Miles accidentally yells "**Omaha!**" during climax.

Somewhere, the Cheyenne woman smiles in ancient
approval.

Steam rises.

Bodies collapse.

Fluids defy physics.

The leaky roof drips directly onto Leila's ass.

She doesn't flinch.

They pant.

Twitch.

Smolder.

Jonas says, breathless:

“I think… I think we grew a pear.”

Leila, face buried in a pillow:

“We grew a *fung orchard*.”

Fade out.

Fade wet.

Fade to pure, saturated black.

EPISODE 47: “The Afterglow Express”

*– A Prairie Morning Musical Number Nobody
Asked For –*

Dawn.

Frost on the fence.

Chickens blinking judgmentally.

The wind carries **regret**, **woodsmoke**, and the faint,
sticky aroma of **orgy**.

Then—

CREAK.

The bunkhouse door opens.

Steam **HISSES** out like a pressure valve on a
perverted locomotive.

A thick fog of sweat, sin, and bad decisions billows
into the cold morning air.

Standing in the doorway:

Jonas.

Hair a mess.

Lip swollen.

Wearing Leila's **sports bra** like a battle sash.

He blinks into the rising sun.

Stretches.

Grins like a man who's seen the other side of
mortality and **got a handjob there.**

Raises his arms to the heavens and bellows:

"HEIGH-HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Across the yard, from the **ranch kitchen**,
the **vaqueros** open their door—
already frying meat, already laughing—
and shout back:

“HEIGH-HOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

Then it begins.

The song.

Leila stumbles out,
wearing Jonas’s flannel, Miles’s belt, and possibly
nothing else.

Tariq follows, barefoot, with one sock stuck in his
hair.

Miles limps out in **Leila’s jeans**, backwards.

Together—
hoarse, proud, broken and reborn—
they sing:



“Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh-ho
From fuck, from fuck, from fuck all night we come!”



From the kitchen door, the vaqueros reply—hands
raised, spatulas in one, mugs of black death coffee in
the other:



“Heigh-ho, heigh-ho
It’s home from fuck they come!”



They all join in.
The four kids staggering forward in unison, hips
sore, hearts light,
marching like victorious idiots through the mud and
snow with clothing only **vaguely assigned to their
actual bodies.**

Chickens scatter.

A horse turns away in shame.

The wind picks up like it's trying to air out the prairie.

One of the vaqueros adds:

"We heard the bunkhouse moaning!"

Another:

"And floorboards nearly broke!"

Another:

"We took bets on positions—"

"I lost five bucks on *choking stroke*!"

Tariq:

"You bet on us?"

Vaquero:

"We had brackets."

Laughter explodes.

Leila wipes a tear from her cheek.

Jonas thrusts an imaginary pickaxe into the air like a deranged, horny dwarf.



“Heigh-ho, heigh-ho

Let’s eat before we die!”

“Then back to work, to mend the fence—”

“And fuck again by night!”



Final **kickline** in boots and underpants.

One last big finish, harmonized with steaming
breath and cracked ribs.

BOOM—final pose.

Silence.

Then Grandpa’s voice from inside the ranch house
window:

“SHUT THE FUCK UP.”

The song dies instantly.

All heads bow.

Coffee is retrieved.

Breakfast begins.

EPISODE 48: “Another Day of F*”**

*– A Jazzy Mambo-Salsa Porn Comedy Musical
Explosion –*

*(with unauthorized spiritual endorsement from
Justin Hurwitz and 72 horny saints)*

INT. RANCH KITCHEN – MORNING

The four walk in—limping, grinning, still steam-slick from the bunkhouse sauna of sin.

Coffee on the table.

Biscuits warm.

Meat piled high.

But something’s... off.

They glance outside.

Grandpa.

Already mounted.

Already riding into the prairie like Clint Eastwood
on a righteous hemorrhoid.

Behind him, the **vaqueros** ride out in formation.

Dust.

Spurs.

Sun flares.

Gone.

Back inside—

Leila pulls open the tool cabinet.

Empty.

Not even a broken nail.

Jonas opens the chore board.

Blank.

No tasks. No blood-stained threats. No cryptic “dig it where it stinks.”

Tariq checks the firewood.

Chopped.

Miles opens the pantry.

Stocked.

They look at each other.

No work.

No orders.

No weapons drawn.

No cows exploding.

And then—

TRUMPETS.

SAXOPHONE.

LATIN PIANO RUN.

PERCUSSION LIKE FOREPLAY WITH
BONGOS.

The kitchen **erupts** into music.

From **nowhere**.

From **within**.

Justin Hurwitz's ghost mambo-baby bursts forth.

Lights up.

Window flies open.

A chicken spins into the air like a showgirl.



LEILA (spinning on the breakfast table):



It's another day of fuuuuuuuuck!

No cows to brand, no fence to mend,

No tools to bleed upon or break or bend!



JONAS (pelvis-forward, spoon in hand):



No guns were fired at dawn today,

No Grandpa grunts to block our way,

I found no job to ruin my pride—

Just coffee, biscuits, sex inside!



**MILES (kicks open cabinet, rolls in with a broom
like a sax solo):**



One arm to hold, one hand to slap,
No more to fix, just time to nap!
We worked, we cried, we bled, we came—
And now the prairie knows our name!



TARIQ (sliding across the kitchen counter with
maple syrup for no reason):



Let's raise our mugs to filth and fate,
We mopped that bunkhouse clean with hate—
Then love, then thighs, then sweat, then sin—
Now pour the whisky, let's begin!



ALL (horns blaring, eggs flipping, table spinning):



It's another day of FUUUUUUUUCK!
The fields are dry, the chores are dead,
Let's lube the floor and break the bed!



Another day to moan and ride,
To lose our shame and hump with pride!



COFFEE MAKER (hisses steam like jazz
percussion):

Psssssssssssssssssssssst.



TOASTER (pops dramatically):

PING!



ALL (in perfect four-part harmony, hands in the
air):



It's another—

Glorious—

Daaaaay—
of FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!



KITCHEN DOOR BURSTS OPEN—
A GOAT JOINS THE DANCE—
IT IS NEVER EXPLAINED.

CUT TO BLACK.
THE ROOF LEAKS SLIGHTLY IN TIME WITH
THE MUSIC.

EPISODE 49: “Everybody Fucks Somebody Today”
*– A Communal Orgy Anthem in E ♭ Major, with
Full Horn Section and Zero Moral Supervision –
(Brought to you by Sexual Communism and the
Ghost of Cab Calloway’s Libido)*

The bunkhouse door slams open.
They burst in like four drunken saints of flesh and
revolution.

Shirts?
Gone.

Ownership?

A memory.

Jeans?

Somewhere.

Bodies?

Everywhere.

This ain't love.

This ain't lust.

This is **ideological penetration.**

The People's Intercourse.

And floating in the air like divine funk—

THE BLUES BROTHERS BAND.

Not metaphorical.

Not symbolic.

They are **there.**

In sunglasses, suits, and nothing else.

The bass slaps.

The snare taps.

And the horn section **blows like they're paid by the orgasm.**



ALL (as they peel off clothes and dignity):



Everybody fucks somebody today!



Leila straddles Miles with Jonas behind her like a conductor of carnality.

Tariq is licking syrup from **someone's foot**. Could be his.

Nobody checks.



LEILA (grinding on syncopated rhythm):



Someone to fuck!





MILES (smiling with a condom wrapper stuck in his hair):



Sweetheart to miss!



TARIQ (saxophone between his thighs, no metaphor):



Sugar to kiss!



They spin, they thrust, they grab and moan,
A pelvis here, a hand that's flown—
A tangle, tangle, tangled
Where no one's name is what gets said.



ALL (groin-deep in groove):



I fuck you, you, you!



I fuck you, you, you!



I fuck you, you, you in the moooooorning!



Trumpets explode.

A trombone blasts directly out the window.

A chicken dances.

Somewhere a cow gives consent.

It's not a foursome.

It's not an orgy.

It's not even an ensemble cast of genitals.

It's a **commune of climax.**

A **Marxist ejaculation of unity.**

A full-on, jazz-backed, sweat-drenched **Revolution**
in Flesh Minor.

They fuck like comrades.
Moan like gospel singers.
And climax with harmony tighter than a Motown
bridge.

The bunkhouse creaks.
The walls drip.
And from the sky:
a trumpet solo so horny it gets pregnant.



**ALL (bodies collapsing into one another like drunk
dominoes):**



Everybody fucks...

Somebody...

Tooooooooo—

Daaaaaaaaaaaaaay.



Final blast.

The bass slaps one last time.

Then dies.

Like all good revolutions do.

EPISODE 50: “Takin’ Out the Jizz”

*– A Full Tap-Number Explosion in Cum-Soaked
Tuxedos*

*(With apologies to Irving Berlin and absolutely no
apologies to anyone else)*

BLACKOUT.

Then—

SPOTLIGHT.

A single cane tap.

Then another.

Then four in rhythm.

CLACK. CLACK. CLACK-CLACK.

Smoke clears.

They stand at center stage:

Leila, Miles, Jonas, Tariq.

In perfect tuxedos,
straw hats,
white gloves,
nothing on underneath.

The bunkhouse is gone.
Now it's a grand, velvet-curtained 1930s revue
stage, and **they own it.**

Jazz band in the pit.
A piano winks.
The drummer's drunk.
The trumpet has lipstick on it.

And the four of them launch into it:



ALL (with cane twirls and hip thrusts):



If balls are blue
And you don't know
Where to fuck or who to blow—
Why don't you go

Where your friend sucks?



TAKIN' OUT THE JIZZ!



MILES (spinning, pelvic isolation):



That's what each

And every truly friend does—



LEILA (gliding in split position, cane between
thighs):



Every Thursday evening

With their lips sore,





JONAS & TARIQ (back-to-back, synchronized stroke-pantomimes):



Rubbin' one out!



They leap into a Busby Berkeley circle-jerk kickline.
Cane twirls everywhere.
Confetti explodes (unclear if it's metaphorical or physical).

The audience is all vaqueros, the Cheyenne woman,
Grandpa, and a goat in suspenders.
They clap in time.



LEILA (now on a piano, smoking):



Come with me and we'll attend their jubilee!



ALL:



And see them spend their last two bits—
TAAAAKIN' OUT THE JIIIIIIZZ!



Final pose:

Crotch forward.

Canes erect.

Hats tipped.

Jazz hands high.

CUE CUM-SHOT CONFETTI CANNONS.

(Multiple. Timed. In rhythm.)

EPISODE 51: “Las Cucarachas del Desmadre”

– The Full Cancel-Me Mariachi Spectacular –

EXT. RANCH YARD – SUNSET

The bunkhouse door opens like the **crypt of Dionysus**.

Steam rolls out.

The four crawl through it.

Shaking.

Sticky.

Soul-empty.

Smiling like cult survivors and **New Age sex therapy escapees.**

Leila clutches Jonas's belt—still worn by Miles.

Tariq drags a straw hat behind him like a fallen halo.

Their knees buckle in perfect sync.

They lean on each other like **perverts at last call.**

They're heading for the ranch house.

Dinner.

Water.

Dignity.

One of those three is plausible.

And then—

TRUMPETS.

From behind the hay bales.
From on top of the chicken coop.
From **under a wheelbarrow.**

**THE MEXICANS HAVE BECOME A FULL
CANCEL-CULTURE BAND OF MARIACHI.**

Sombreros? Yes.
Vests? Sequined.
Facial expressions? **ILLEGAL.**
Accents? Cartoonishly criminal.
Dancing? Deeply problematic.

And they begin:



**“Las cucarachas, las cucarachas…
Ya no pueden caminar!”**



They swirl around the exhausted quartet like horny
tequila ghosts.
Leila tries to clap in time.

Fails.

Jonas waves weakly, hits his own eye.



“Porque no tienen! Porque les faltan!

Orgasmitos pa’ gozar!”



Tariq collapses into Miles’s arms, gasping,

“We’ve entered Hell. Musical. Mexican. Hell.”

One mariachi kneels in front of him with a trumpet solo so fast it induces **pelvic confusion.**

Another shouts:

“¡Ayayayayay carambaaaaaaa!”

Spins, falls into a barrel, still playing the güiro.

The girl, barely standing, raises her hand:

“We need water. And perhaps… social review.”

A mariachi with an accordion shimmies past and slaps her ass.

She doesn't flinch.

She simply moans,

"Fair."

As they stagger to the ranch house, the mariachi follows, forming a **conga line of sexual consequence**. Their chorus echoes into the prairie, across the cattle, into the night sky:



"¡Las orgasmitas pa' gozaaaaar!"



EPISODE 52: "Ring of Fire (Cheyenne Stew Remix)"

– A Gastrointestinal Gospel of Friendship and Rectal Ruin –

(With tender apologies to Johnny Cash and none to the digestive system)

INT. RANCH DINING ROOM – NIGHT

Grandpa's chair is empty.

Silent.

Holy.

Feared.

Blessedly unoccupied.

He's somewhere out there—maybe in the barn,
maybe strangling a mountain lion with barbed
wire—but he is **not** here.

And because of that...

joy.

Laughter bounces off the walls like it's allowed.

Boots are off.

Shirts are half-open.

Flirting is casual, mutual, and not life-threatening.

Stew is passed.

Bowls brimming.

Stew so spicy the **steam smells like challenge.**

Everyone's eyes water before the first bite.

Everyone eats anyway.

Because it's tradition now.

Because they **earned this burn**.

And then—**it happens**.

Jonas farts.

Audibly.

Openly.

Regretfully.

Silence.

A beat.

Then *Leila* lifts her bowl, smiles, and says:

"Stew is a burning thing."

The room goes still.

Then—

a low **guitar strum**.

From nowhere.

From *destiny*.

A mariachi pulls out a six-string.
Another slaps his thigh in rhythm.
A spoon hits a cup.
Voices rise.
Harmony ignites.



ALL (with passion and internal bleeding):



Stew is a burning thing,
And it makes a fiery ring,
Bound by wild desire...
My asshole is a ring of fire!



Tariq leaps onto the table, howling at the moon.
Miles fans his pants with a napkin.
One vaquero raises his arm, proudly declaring:
“¡Mi culo está gritando!”



ALL (gripping their guts and their dignity):



I now shit into a burning ring of fire,

It goes down, down, down

And the flames go higher!



They form a chorus line—stiff-legged, knees tight,
hips clenched—

**each gripping their butt cheeks like spiritual
maracas.**



ALL (clutching each other for support and Pepto):



And it burns, burns, burns

The ring of fire

The ring of fiiiiire!



EXPLOSION OF WHISKY AND FLAMES IN THE
FIREPLACE.

SOMEONE SNEEZES CAYENNE.

A DOG HOWLS IN SYMPATHY.

A COW MOO-GRUNTS IN UNDERSTANDING.

They collapse into chairs, steaming, crying,
laughing.

Leila:

**“This is what family means. Diarrhea and
harmony.”**

Jonas lifts his glass.

“To the pain... and the stew that brings it.”

They toast.

They fart.

They live.

**EPISODE 53: “Mahna Mahna: The Conversion of
Tough Shit”**

– A Muppet-Inspired Musical Prairie Miracle –

*(with full copyright confusion and spiritual
cleansing through idiocy)*

INT. RANCH HOUSE – DINING ROOM –
NIGHT

The fire crackles.

Stew bubbles.

Asses burn.

Laughter dances across the ceiling like steam.

They're sweaty.

Half-naked.

Delirious from cayenne, endorphins, and collective
horniness.

Someone slaps a spoon on a bowl in rhythm.

Someone else scats.

Someone else rips a fart so melodic it sets the key.

And then—**BOOM.**

The door slams open.

A **dark silhouette** fills the threshold.

Rain dripping.

Coat soaked.

Mud clinging like judgment.

It's **GRANDPA TOUGH SHIT.**

He steps in.

Dripping like a cursed ghost.

Eyes sunken.

Face carved in stone.

Hat pulled low.

The **air drops five degrees.**

He bangs the door shut behind him.

Drops his coat like a dead animal.

But the kids don't flinch.

They're too far gone.

Too giddy.

Too *musical*.

They pop up around him, one by one,
bouncing like prairie puppets,
and begin:



“Do do do do do de do…
Do do do do do do do doooooo…”



Grandpa says nothing.

Just trudges to his chair.

Sits.

Spoons stew.

Gulps whisky.

They circle him.

Dancing.

Popping from behind furniture.

Tariq does a hip thrust so wide his pants surrender.



ALL (now in full commitment):



“Do do do do do de do…”

Do do do do do do do do do doooooo!”



Still nothing.

Just chewing.

Whisky.

Chewing.

Then—

A pause.

A breath.

A flicker.

The slightest twitch at the corner of his mouth.

And then—

the miracle.

He mutters, deep, low, gravel-caked:

“...Mahna Mahna.”

THE RANCH EXPLODES.

Chairs fly.

Spoons are flung.

Jonas flips a table in euphoria.

Leila screams and kisses the goat.

Tariq backflips and dislocates something spiritual.



ALL (tears in their eyes, soup on their faces):



“MAHNA MAHNA!

Do doo do do do!

MAHNA MAHNA!

Do do do do!”



Even the vaqueros burst in with maracas and
castanets.

The Cheyenne woman appears, *wearing sunglasses*

and doing jazz hands.

The stew pot bubbles in tune.

And Grandpa?

He takes another bite.

Swigs whisky.

Looks around at the circus of idiots.

And says, deadpan:

“You’re all going to fix the east fence at dawn.”

But in that moment?

They’ve won.

EPISODE 54: “Nants’ iProblemata”

– The Most Joyous Cultural Appropriation

Catastrophe Ever Taped on the Prairie

(Now with bonus side-dish of fried ethics and cancelable glee)

INT. RANCH HOUSE – NIGHT

The Mahna Mahna number still echoes like sex
echoes in a canyon—

loud, sticky, and permanent.

Everyone's dancing.

Even the goat is in sync.

Even Grandpa's eyebrow is arched at 3/4 tempo.

Then—**everything changes.**

Again.

Spotlight.

No source.

Just **is.**

A hush falls.

The trumpets fade.

The stew stops bubbling mid-boil.

And there she is.

The Cheyenne Woman.

But not wrapped in shawl.

Not silent.

Not disappearing through furniture.

No.

Now she's dressed in full **Miriam Makeba realness**.

Vibrant prints, headwrap high enough to receive
satellite signals,

barefoot, beaded, blessed by *all* the ancestors—
and probably none of them hers.

She steps into the center of the ranch like it's her
personal apartheid-funk revival tour.

And then:

She raises one fist.

Stomps once.

DRUMBEAT.

CALL.

RESPONSE.



CHEYENNE WOMAN (channeling pure Makeba):



Saguquka sathi bheka (nants' ipata pata)

Saguquka sathi bheka (nants' ipata pata)



The ranch reacts as it should:
completely unprepared.

The vaqueros freeze mid-grind.

Jonas whispers,

“Are we allowed to enjoy this?”

Leila:

“I think we’re already complicit.”

But it's too late.

The beat owns them now.

She dances.

Stomps.

Spins.

Shakes so hard a **Dreamcatcher** combusts.

Her voice is joy and thunder and **the legal risk**
department's nightmare.



CHEYENNE WOMAN (daring the ancestors):



Yiyo mama, yiyo mama (nants' ipata pata)

Yiyo mama, yiyo mama (nants' ipata pata)



And then—

THE WHOLE RANCH JOINS.

Like idiots.

Joyful, rhythm-deficient idiots.



ALL (cancel culture be damned):



Ha, yiyo mama, yiyo mama (nants' ipata pata)

Yiyo mama, yiyo mama (nants' ipata pata)



The ranch explodes into full Afro-indigenous-Mariachi-Muppet rhythm hell.

Someone turns a spittoon into a djembe.

The goat is now in face paint.

Tariq gets possessed by the spirit of Fela Kuti, but
only from the waist down.

Grandpa mutters,

“Jesus H. Christ on a buffalo.”

Doesn’t stop it.

Doesn’t blink.

Just pours more whisky.

As the song ends, the Cheyenne Makeba bows,
and vanishes.

No trace.

No print.

Only a faint whiff of cayenne and post-colonial
ambiguity.

EPISODE 55: “Smoke Gets in Your Ethics”

*– A Full-Blown Satirical Suicide Note to Cultural
Sensibility –*

(now featuring Cancel Culture in full gallop and

*The Four Uncancelables in blackface doo-wop
damnation)*

FADE IN:

EXT. PRAIRIE – TWILIGHT – CANCEL
CLOUDS GATHERING

The mood is weirdly tender.

Too tender.

Like the moment before an execution or an HR
seminar.

The four kids stand center stage.

Faces painted dark.

Oh yes. Oh they did.

In what they *believe* is a tribute.

In what the *universe* recognizes as **the most
suicidally tone-deaf moment since colonialism.**

The mariachi band is silent.

Even the Cheyenne woman ghost-nopes out of
frame.

Only a tumbleweed has the guts to roll by,
whispering:

“Y’all really did this.”

And then—
they sing.

Soft.

Sultry.

Doo-wop deadly.



THE FOUR (blissfully unaware):



They asked me how I knew

My true love was true...

Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh...



(Do-do-do, do-do-do, do-do-do, whoa)

They sway.

Snap.

Smile with earnest doom.
Tariq even holds a rose.
The rose **wilts**.



THE FOUR (hands over hearts, feet in racial lava):



"Something here inside
Cannot be denied..."



A VAQUERO drops his tortilla.
A CHICKEN averts its gaze.
The GOAT tries to kick over a lantern to end it all.

And still they sing.
Because nothing can stop white liberal guilt on a
misguided artistic rampage.



They said, “Someday you’ll find
All who love are blind…”



Then, like God’s own smite button got pressed—
THUNDER.

And from the east…
CANCEL CULTURE RIDES IN.

On horseback.

On scooters.

On hashtags.

On morally licensed drones.

Holding signs:

- “DELETE YOURSELVES.”
- “NOT LIKE THIS.”
- “NOPE.”
- “IT’S 2025, DAMMIT.”
- “WOKE, SMOKED, AND BROKE.”

One cancel crusader shouts:

**“IS THAT FUCKING BLACKFACE IN A
MUSICAL CONTEXT?!”**

Another:

**“I HAVEN’T BEEN THIS OFFENDED SINCE
THE LIN-MANUEL CYRANO REMIX!”**

And still—

the kids hit the chorus.



ALL:



When your heart's on fire

You must realize...

Smoke gets in your eyes...



Sudden spotlight.

Sudden silence.

A VAQUERO quietly takes out a ukulele, plays one
soft mournful chord.

Grandpa walks out.
Looks at them.
Looks at the crowd.
Looks at the face paint.
Takes a long pull from his flask.
Spits.
Says:
“...Y’all are fucked.”

**EPISODE 56: “Cultural Mutually-Assured
Destruction”**

*– Or: How the Ranch Became a Gloriously
Offensive Renaissance Festival
(No survivors, only dancers)*

EXT. RANCH YARD – DUSK

Cancel Culture’s cavalry screeches to a halt.
Hashtags hover in the air like radioactive flies.
Woke war horns blare.
Thinkpieces are being drafted *mid-ride*.

The four kids stand there—
face-painted, frozen,
caught mid-snap in their doo-wop disaster.

Then—a **pause.**
A silence.
A wind of confusion.

And from behind the barn...
trumpets.
Disco beats.
Cowbells.
And leather.

THE MEXICANS RETURN.

Painted white.
Every one of them.
Thick, powdery, exaggerated whiteface.
They look like **Kardashian ghosts at a cocaine bake**
sale.

And their outfits?

Straight from *The Village People's Most Problematic Vault*:

- Cowboy
 - Policeman
 - Native American
 - Construction worker
 - Army guy
 - Leatherman
- ...All brown.

All with mustaches.

All high-kicking in glorious cancelable formation.

And they **SING**.



“Young man! There’s no need to feel down!”



The cancelers freeze.

The kids gape.

Even the goat puts on sunglasses.



“I said, young man, pick yourself off the ground!”



The whitefaced vaquero cowboy swings a lasso in a perfect disco arc.

The construction worker thrusts with a caulking gun.

The policeman moonwalks with handcuffs.

And then, in *flawless choreography*...



ALL (kicking and pelvic-thrusting):



It's fun to stay at the Y.M.C.A.!



They form the letters—

Y! M! C! A!

Their hips scream.

Their dignity is compost.

Their joy is divine.

And what happens next?

UNTHINKABLE.

The Cancel Culture Horde... joins.

One influencer drops her megaphone and *twerks*.

A gender studies PhD candidate does the C with
tears in his eyes.

Someone screams:

**“THIS IS THE DIVERSITY NIGHTMARE I
ALWAYS DREAMED OF!”**

And they all dance.

Together.

Racially confused.

Sexually liberated.

Legally indefensible.

Grandpa?

He walks onto the porch, lights a cigar,
watches this unholy flashmob of apocalypse,
and mutters:

“Burn it all.”

Then smiles.

Just once.

**EPISODE 57: “The Day Satire Died (Or
Ascended?)”**

*– A Post-Cancellation, Meta-Ethnographic
Apocalypse Revue –*

(No gods, no masters, only costumes and lawsuits)

EXT. RANCH YARD – MORNING

The sun rises over scorched dignity.

The ground still trembles from the previous night’s
intercultural tap orgy.

The air tastes like:

- Guilt

- Glitter
- Cayenne
- Cultural whiplash

The goat is smoking.

Grandpa hasn't moved.

The kids are asleep in a pile of tangled limbs and
still-singing mariachi vests.

And then they hear it.

A **war cry.**

Except—

it's in a bad **Lo Mein accent.**

Over dubstep.

They rise.

They look.

They regret.

Over the hill comes the unholy battalion:

THE REZ HAS HEARD.

And they are **dressed to offend**.

The **Cheyennes** have arrived—**not to protest**, but to **out-appropriate**.

- **Cheyennes in full Chinese opera drag**, with yellowface so bright it reflects the sun
- **Chinese guys dressed as Australian Aborigines**, with literal cork hats and kangaroo backpacks
- **South Asian tech bros in Viking horns and fur Speedos**, hurling IKEA catalogues as war axes
- **Arabs in full igloo parkas**, wielding rubber fish, chanting *"Inuit or lose it!"*
- A **single confused Buddhist nun** in a full Confederate General uniform, blessing a banjo

It is the parade of the end times.

It is the United Nations' final migraine.

It is... glorious.

The Cheyenne leader, dressed as a 1930s Hollywood Japanese caricature, steps forward:

“We heard y’all went full stupid. We came to finish the job.”

Everyone else?

Stunned.

Miles:

“...I think I just reverse-colonized my pants.”

Leila:

“I want to unsee all of this... and yet, I *mustn’t*.”

Tariq:

“I think this is healing?”

Jonas:

“I think we broke satire. Forever.”

Then someone yells, from deep in the prairie mob:

**“LET’S DO A MUSICAL MONTAGE CALLED
‘EVERYONE OFFENDS EVERYONE!’”**

And they do.

A Cheyenne dressed as a sushi roll stage-dives into a mariachi pit.

A Brazilian in full pharaoh gear raps in Sanskrit over a banjo solo.

A Hasidic mime belly-dances on top of an alpaca.

The Cheyenne woman reappears in a full Shrek costume with a Native American headdress made of sushi.

The goat is now a pope.

And still—Grandpa doesn't blink.

He sips his whisky.

Pats the shotgun at his side.

And mutters:

“One more chorus, and I salt the earth”.

EPISODE 58: “The Final Offense (and Possibly the Finale?)”

– A Cabaret in Hell, Hosted by the Ghost of Mel Brooks' Bad Decisions –

(Sponsored by History's Middle Finger)

EXT. RANCH YARD – HIGH NOON

The madness has peaked.
Cheyennes as sushi.
Vikings with bindis.
Goat as pope.
Grandpa has stopped blinking entirely.
The sky considers smiting but isn't sure where to
begin.

And then—

A hush.

One of the **Mexicans**,
the smallest, quietest,
stands center stage.
Wrapped in a heavy **gray cloak**, face down, dead
silent.

He raises one finger.
The entire prairie orchestra—Muppets, mariachi,
Y.M.C.A.-ers, cultural shapeshifters—
shuts up instantly.

The tension is seismic.

Even the goat stops blessing people.

The man clears his throat.

A beat.

Then—**HE DROPS THE CLOAK.**

Gasps.

Underneath:

Full SS Nazi uniform.

Pristine.

Tailored.

Shined boots.

Little mustache.

And then he throws his arms wide, grins from ear to
ear,

and bursts into:



“AAAAAND NOOOOOW IT’S…”



“SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER AND
GERMANY!!!”



Grandpa drops his flask.

The Cheyenne woman crosses herself and vanishes
again.

Someone’s jaw hits the ground with a literal *clang*.



NAZI MEXICAN (kicking into full Broadway
glory):



“Winter for Poland and France!”



The goat faints.

Leila mutters,

“I think this is satire but I no longer know what reality is.”



“We’re marching to a faster pace—
Look out, here comes the master race!”



Jonas vomits in a sombrero.

Tariq begins clapping despite himself, tears
streaming.

Miles collapses into a hay bale whispering,

**“This is either the most powerful anti-fascist work
of our time or an actual war crime.”**



“Springtime for Hitler and Germany!
Rhineland’s a fine land once more!”



The sky darkens.

The wind dies.

A single **copyright lawyer** explodes somewhere in California.



“Springtime for Hitler and Germany!

Watch out, Europe—

We’re going on tour!”



Final jazz hands.

A salute that instantly morphs into a jazz square.

A can-can of Nazis, sushi Cheyennes, Viking
Hindus, and leather-bound Village People.

And silence.

Awful, glorious silence.

Then—

Grandpa stands.

Dusts off his coat.

Lights a fresh cigar.

EPISODE 59: “Exit Tough Shit, Stage Left”

*– The Last Ride of Grandpa, The Producer of His
Own Sanity –*

*(Cue wistful show tune, distant hoofbeats, and a
ranch full of cultural arson)*

EXT. RANCH – SUNSET

The chaos behind him crackles like a burning
Playbill.

Nazis jazz-handing.

Sushi-headresses twerking.

Someone’s trying to yodel in Klingon.

A goat is now pope **and** DJ.

Grandpa doesn’t even look back.

He stands on the porch.

Wearing his long **duster** coat,

Winchester slung across his back,

hat low,

chewing the last cigar of civilization.

The air is quiet.

Except for the *distant mariachi remix of "YMCA."*

He walks to his **Appaloosa**,
saddled, silent, unbothered by the pansexual
apocalypse unraveling behind them.
He mounts like he was born to exit.

And then—he sings.

Low.

Broken.

A tune full of Broadway dreams and kill counts.



GRANDPA (riding off into the light):



I wanna be a producer...

With a hit show on Broadway...



He passes a Viking on a Segway.

Shoots a look.

Doesn't stop.



Lunch at Sardi's every daaaaaay...



The goat-DJ sobs softly into his turntable.



I wanna be a producer...

Sport a top hat and a caaaaaane...



He crests the ridge.

Sun bleeding behind him.

Cultural collapse booming like distant cannon fire.



I wanna be a producer...

And drive those chorus girls insaaaaaane!



He lifts one hand.

Taps the brim of his hat.

Not a goodbye.

A **final curtain call.**

Then he disappears over the hill.

Gone.

Forever?

Maybe.

Or until season 2.

The New York Times:

“Unclassifiable. Unforgivable. Unmissable.”

[PIN.]

The Guardian:

“A surrealist triumph disguised as filth.”

Welcome to Pear Tree Ranch, where the only rule is survival, the only toilet is dignity, and the only growth you’ll find is in your soul—or your pair.

Sent by their desperate, yoga-retreat parents to toughen up, four soft, modern Gen Z kids are dropped into the scorched wasteland of Grandpa Howard “Tough Shit”—a man forged from steak, whisky, and disdain. What follows is a week of physical agony, psychological warfare, cryptic stew, freezing bunkhouses, electric fences, and unsolicited life lessons shouted at gunpoint.

But what starts as survivalist boot camp spirals into an escalating fever dream of orgies, tap numbers, mariachi riots, cultural appropriation circuses, and full Broadway showstoppers—including a jazzed-up tribute to rectal pain titled “*Ring of Fire*” and the infamous Muppet-revived miracle moment known only as **Mahna Mahna.**

Part Western. part musical. part psychosexual

